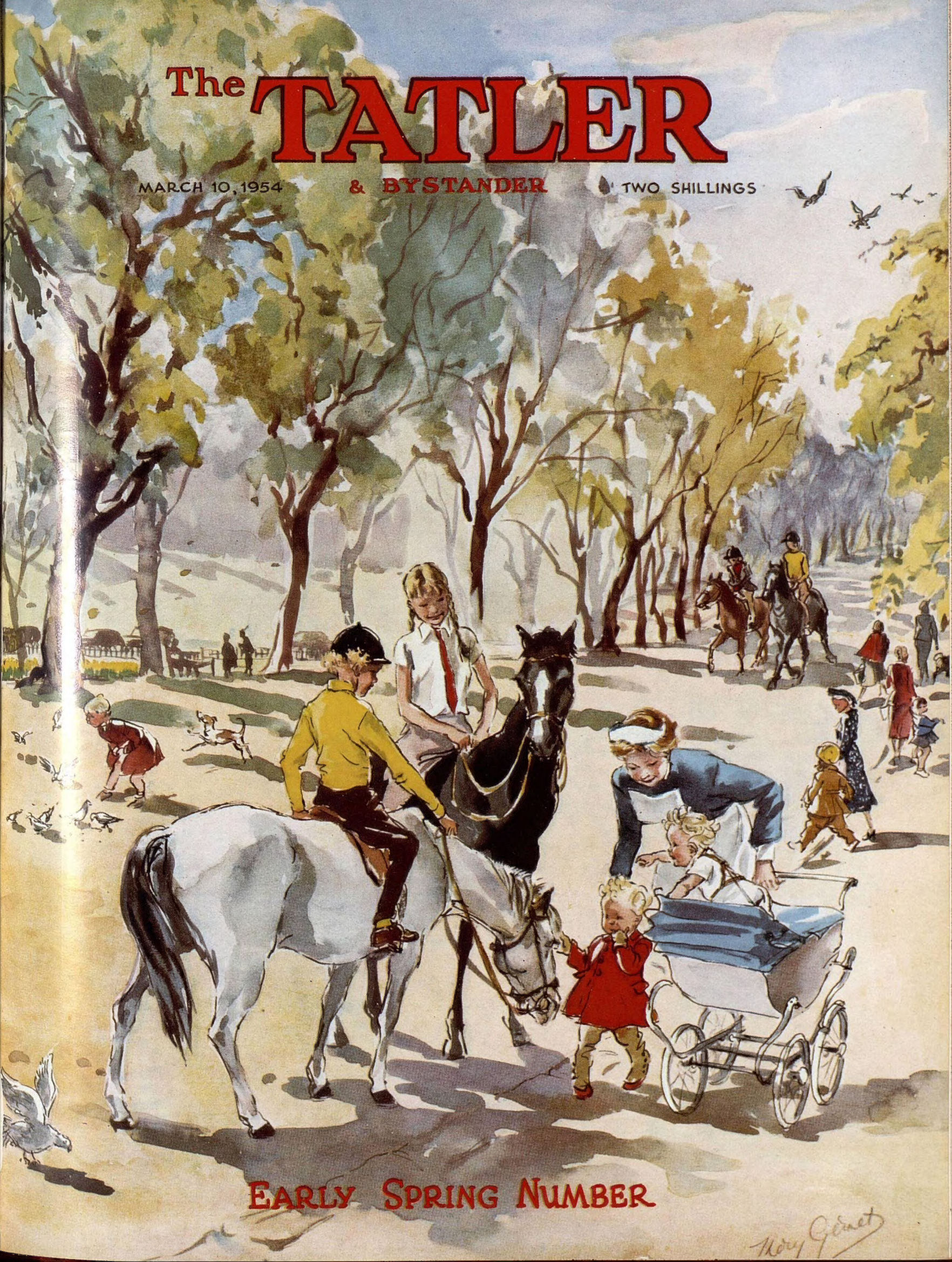


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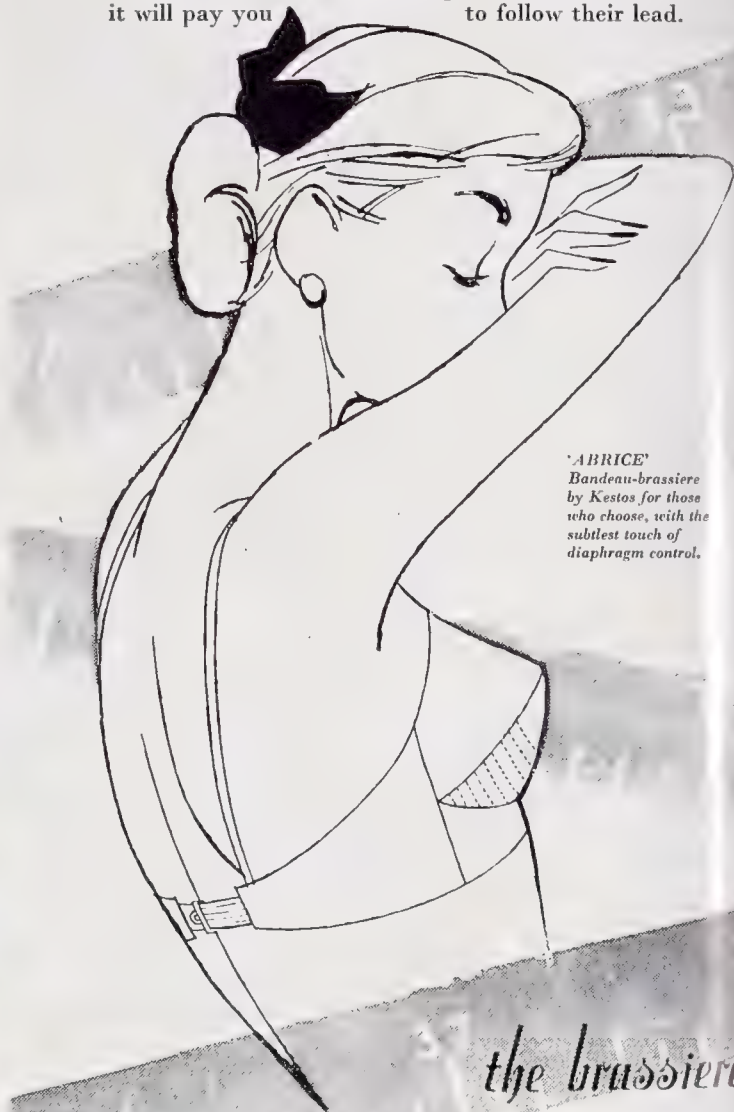
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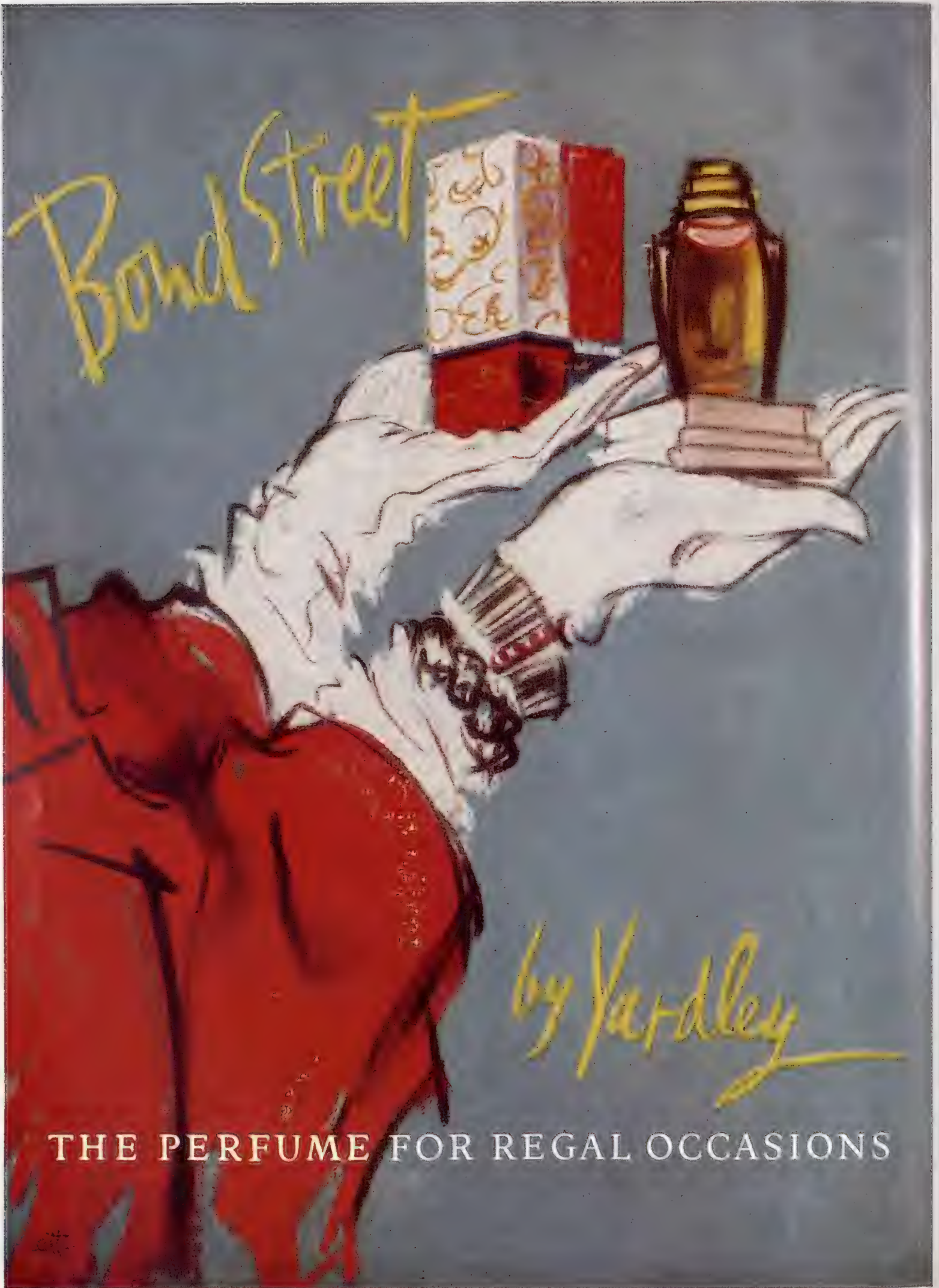
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MAR. 10
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ROYAL CHILDREN LEFT FOR COUNTRY WEEKEND

PRINCE CHARLES and Princess Anne were here happily setting out from Clarence House where they have been staying during the Queen's absence, for a weekend in Sussex. The Royal children will soon make their first overseas journey, boarding the Britannia on April 15 to join their parents at Tobruk on the last stage of the Commonwealth tour

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PRINCESS MARGARET,
GODMOTHER TO SARAH

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET was a godmother to the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lowther when the baby was christened Sarah Charlotte Margaret at St. Michael's, Chester Square. Mrs. Lowther was before her marriage in 1952 Miss Jennifer Bevan and was the Princess's first lady-in-waiting. She is now an extra lady-in-waiting



ON A SUNLIT BALCONY overlooking the sea at the Tower Isle Hotel, Jamaica, B.W.I., were Lord Monsell, Mrs. Arthur Collard and Lady Monsell, three of the visitors who have been enjoying the summer-in-winter pleasures of this favoured island

Pierre Chong

ocial Journal

Jennifer

Bonfires, Barbecues And Calypsos

JAMAICA: Before leaving here I motored down from Ocho Rios for a few days in Montego Bay, which like all fashionable resorts at the height of the season, was full of gaiety. One day most people were enjoying bathing and sunbathing either on the private beaches or those belonging to the luxury hotels, whose number is still increasing.

In the evening there were always cocktail parties, after which one either dined with friends—there is a lot of private home entertaining around Montego Bay during the season—or quietly at one of the hotels, which all have excellent restaurants. Equally if you wanted to dance as well as dine, that was possible every evening as each hotel has one "dance night" each week and these spread from Monday to Saturday. Then there were numerous beach parties and barbecues which are quite informal. At these events there is nearly always a bonfire, food is either cold, or cooked out of doors on the spot, there are usually calypso players, and the evening ends with dancing and possibly a bathe before bed.

★ ★ ★

ON my first evening in Montego Bay I dined out of doors on the raised terrace restaurant of the new Round Hill Hotel, the latest luxury spot to be built on the bay. Sir Jock and Lady Buchanan-Jardine who had arrived that day on the direct B.O.A.C. plane from Bermuda, were also dining there with Mr. John Pringle and his lovely American-born wife. They went on next day to

their home in the north of the island. It was a warm night with a full moon, the sea lapping just below, and calypso music softly lilting through the air, and in the garden spotlights had been cleverly arranged to pick out the palms and other trees, and the tropical plants growing in the rock behind.

ALTHOUGH it was only opened at the beginning of January, Round Hill was already full. The main hotel is right on the bay and the guest rooms have balconies directly over the beach, while about 25 cottages are being built on the hill behind which also overlooks the bay. The accommodation in these varies from two to three double bedrooms with bathrooms and a sitting-room, with service from the hotel. Thus housekeeping ceases to be a problem, and if you wish, you can have more of a home life than in a hotel. They are delightful for people who intend to be out here for several weeks, and already sixteen of these cottages have been furnished and occupied.

As Round Hill is a little way south of the actual town of Montego Bay, and away from the aerodrome, with only the green covered hills each side which give it shelter from the wind, it is much more peaceful than any of the other hotels I visited in "Mo Bay" as it is fondly referred to. At the same time it has everything needed for the comfort and enjoyment of visitors. It was originally started by nine British, six American and three Canadian families, who wanted their own cottages in this glorious spot, and the whole project has a feeling of the great personal interest that has been taken in planning the place, and is now being taken in running it. Among the original shareholders who

are living there are Lord Monson and his American-born wife who have an enchanting cottage, snow-white with yellow shutters. He owns a big acreage in this neighbourhood and sold the necessary land to the Round Hill estates for their project.

JUST behind this cottage, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman were living in theirs, which has a bigger veranda than many of the others, and with their usual skill and good taste they have decorated it very cleverly both inside and out, and already laid out and planted a garden. Mr. Norman has inherited much interest in horticulture from his mother, Lady Norman, who has a wonderful garden at her home, La Garoupe, in the south of France. His uncle, the late Lord Aberconway, was president of the Royal Horticultural Society. Unfortunately the Normans could only spend three weeks in their new cottage home here this year, but hope to be out again for a month next winter.

(Continued overleaf)



Gerry Murison

MRS. ANTONY NORMAN (right) who was hostess at a cocktail party at her Round Hill cottage, chatted to the Hon. Mrs. John Coventry and Mr. Lamont Dupont Copeland



A true Irish fighting finish in the Wicklow Hurdle of two miles, Mr. J. Brogan's Disputed narrowly beating the favourite, Prince of Fairfield, owned by Mr. D. P. Tyndall



Mr. D. Lindsay with Viscountess Cobham, over from England, and the Hon. Mrs. Lindsay, her sister-in-law

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

With The Cottagers On The Hill

Viscount and Viscountess Ednam were living in the hotel while they supervised the finishing touches to their cottage, which is one of the bigger ones with three bedrooms. Others with cottages on this rather unusual and enchanting estate with its intimate atmosphere include Noël Coward, Gladys Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, who spent a month here early in the year, Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates who were also staying in the hotel as their home was not ready, American Mr. Kingman Douglas and his wife who will always be remembered as Adèle Astaire, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McAdo, another charming American couple, and Clive Brook and his wife who had moved into their cottage and were both thoroughly enjoying the life there.

Clive Brook was looking amazingly fit, and was not only swimming but also riding most days. Mrs. Brook told me she often rode, too, a pastime she thought last year she could never enjoy again as she suffered so badly from arthritis. But happily the sunshine and bathing in Jamaica have done her so much good that now she can lead a perfectly normal life.

The Canadian cottage owners on Round Hill are Mr. James Stuart Duncan and his delightful Spanish-born wife, who came from Toronto and had Mr. and Mrs. Taylor also of Toronto staying with them; Mr. and Mrs. John McConnell, of Montreal and Mr. and Mrs. Alan Skaith, of Toronto.

★ ★ ★

ONE day we motored about thirty miles round the twisting coast road which reminded me of the Corniche in the South of France, to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Temple at their home Paradise which is right up in the hills beyond Tryal and towards Lucca. Here they live the whole year round and farm a big acreage, growing principally sugar cane. That evening there was a most amusing moonlight bonfire party organized by Mrs. George Gerardi on the banks of Great River. After dining, under a full moon, guests embarked in small native canoes, and were paddled up the river, where at intervals torches were burning among the trees and were reflected in the water—an unforgettable sight. On arrival we were met by a native

band, and given planters' punch to drink out of coconuts. An enormous bonfire was blazing at the water's edge, and later hot sausages on sticks were grilled at the open fire. Besides the usual calypsos we were entertained by native dancers, some of them dressed in the most fantastic costumes.

★ ★ ★

NEXT day I lunched at Sunset Lodge which is perhaps the best known of the hotels of this luxurious resort. It is superbly run by Mrs. Carmen Pringle, one of the most popular characters on the island.

New hotels are springing up all around. Two of



THE DOWAGER VISCOUNTESS GALWAY, president of the England Ball, to be held on May 18, discusses arrangements with Mrs. G. Langley-Taylor, the chairman, and Mr. G. Langley-Taylor, who gave a committee meeting at their home

the latest of these are Bay Roc and Half Moon Bay where I lunched on my third day. They are at the airport end of the town and the land surrounding the beaches is very flat, so that the wind blow much more strongly here than at Round Hill.

I went to a delightful cocktail party given by Lady Bird, widow of Sir James Bird, at her home Friendship, where she spends several months each winter. I also enjoyed a very amusing dinner party for about twenty-four guests given by Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman in their cottage, the Twenty One, at Round Hill. Mrs. Norman, who looked very chic in a ballet length green printed organza dress, had arranged a delicious cold buffet dinner which guests enjoyed in the living room. On the veranda, there was calypso music, with young dancers to entertain. The guests at this party included Viscount and Viscountess Ednam, the latter in a printed blue silk evening dress, Mr. Derek Studley Herbert, who came with his hostess Lady Bird, the Hon. Mrs. John Coventry, Commander and Mrs. Michael Wentworth, who have a house near Montego Bay, and Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Reid, the latter looking charming wearing an exquisite white lace evening dress embroidered in pearls and crystals. The Reids have a lovely old house called Millneck on Long Island and were spending a month at Half Moon Bay. Also at this party were Major and Mrs. Joseph Foley, Mrs. Cazalet-Keir and Lady Wiseman who brought her house guests.

After dinner the whole party moved down to dance out of doors at the hotel under the palm trees by the sea.

Two nights later Sir William and Lady Wiseman and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Reynolds gave a very big beach party. This took place around the Reynolds's lovely beach cabana at Montego Bay, where guests enjoyed supper from a buffet decorated with exotic tropical flowers, drank icy-cold planters' punch and other beverages from hollowed-out pineapples, and later danced to a band under the moonlit sky.

★ ★ ★

I FLEW home from the West Indies and Bahamas as easily and comfortably as I had flown out, and landed at London Airport a quarter of an hour ahead of schedule in B.O.A.C.'s Stratocruiser Canopus. This was the same aeroplane which had carried the Queen with the Duke of Edinburgh and their entourage from London to Bermuda last November, and the Prime Minister and his party on the same route the following week for the Four Power talks in Bermuda.

On the first evening of my return I went to a farewell party given by the Indonesian Ambassador and Mme. Subandrio at their Embassy in Grosvenor Square. The Ambassador and his charming wife will be sadly missed by the many friends they have made since they arrived here four years ago to



In the members' enclosure were Mrs. Charles Evans and Mrs. Victor Parr, the owner, who was formerly M.F.H. of the Meath



A final word before one of the races between Mrs. Frederick Hill, Sir Raymond Grace, Bt., and Lady Grace



Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy chatting with Mrs. Harbord Hammond and Mrs. Denis Baggalley, wife of the trainer

represent the then newly formed Republic of Indonesia. They have made their Embassy one of the finest in London and have given many delightful receptions and musical parties during their stay. They leave now for Moscow where Doctor S. Andrijo has been appointed the first Ambassador to represent his country.

Hundreds of friends went to this party and included many members of both Houses of Parliament, the Diplomatic Corps, and other well known personalities. The French Ambassador and M. Massigli were there and I met Mr. Winthrop Aitch, the U.S. Ambassador, who came with Mr. Aldrich. He had to leave fairly early to go for a dinner engagement, as did Signor Lodi, the Italian Ambassador, who came on his own. An ex-Lord Mayor I met was Sir Denys Brough and his wife, the Hon. Lady Lowson, who was wearing a jaunty little spring hat. She told me their young son who broke his leg skiing in Switzerland in January was back at school, but still in his leg in plaster.

PREBENSEN, who has been Norwegian Ambassador to Britain since 1946, gave me news of his wife and daughter, Evie, who when got as far as Tokyo on their trip to the Far East and were spending a few weeks there staying with friends in the Diplomatic Corps, before starting their journey home. I also met the Dowager Lady Swaythling, whom I congratulated on the arrival of a great-grandson, the baby son and heir to the Hon. David and Mrs. Montagu. Others who came to bid farewell to their hostess were the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, and Lady Salisbury-Jones, the Soviet Chargé d'Affaires and Mme. L. Livostikov, the High Commissioner for Australia and Lady White, and the Hon. Lady M. Mackton, whose husband Sir Walter Monckton could not get away from the House in time. I also saw Sir Ronald Adam, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Thomas and

Lady Hutton, Lady Kirkpatrick, whose husband Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick has recently taken up his duties as Permanent Under-Secretary of State, Foreign Office, in succession to Lord Sirang, Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney, Lord and Lady Grantchester, who were off to stay in St. Moritz the following day, and the Lebanese Ambassador, M. Victor Khoury.

★ ★ ★

IT was sad that Mr. Walter De La Mare, the eighty-year-old poet, could not be present at the recent Foyle Luncheon to "English Poets and Poetry," at the Dorchester, for on this occasion Mr. William Foyle, the chairman, announced that Mr. De La Mare had been awarded the £250 William Foyle Poetry Prize for 1953 for his volume of short poems *O Lovely England*. Mr. De La Mare's son, Mr. Richard De La Mare, received the cheque on behalf of his father. He is, incidentally, a partner in Faber and Faber, who he said have published his father's books for thirty years. He was going to see his father as soon as he could after the luncheon to tell him all about it, and (he added amid laughter) take him the cheque.

Margaret Rawlings, who was one of the speakers, said how she had loved Mr. De La Mare's verses since her mother first gave her a book of them as a child, and from then on she had asked for some of his work for each Christmas and birthday. Now the third generation of this family had learnt to love his work, as her ten-year-old daughter is a great enthusiast. Mr. Alfred Noyes followed with a fine, forceful speech also paying tribute to Mr. De La Mare's work.

THOSE who enjoyed a delicious luncheon and listened to the speeches included poets Mr. John Lehmann, Mr. Arthur Waley and Mr. Stephen Spender, who had authoress and poetess Miss Rose Macaulay sitting next to him. Besides

Margaret Rawlings, the stage was represented at the luncheon by Kay Hammond, looking charming in grey, her husband John Clements, and Valerie Hobson. I also saw the Dowager Lady Ebbisham who was sitting at the top table next to Mr. Morley Kennerley, Mr. Dennis Mackail and Lady Butler, recounting stories of her days in the Middle East to her neighbours.

★ ★ ★

WHEN Sir Brian Mountain, chairman of Eagle Star Insurance (which his late father founded), took over Wimborne House in Arlington Street for the company, it was in a very bad condition from bomb damage. After the necessary reconstruction had been done Lady Mountain began to plan for the interior to be restored to, as far as possible, its prewar glory. The walls of the ballroom with its fine Italian ceiling were once again covered in red damask, the French panelling picked out in gold leaf was restored in the dining-room, and the original chandeliers were found, repaired, cleaned and rehung.

Although this lovely house, the scene of many formal parties of great splendour in the old days when it belonged to Viscount Wimborne's family, is now used as a head office, it reverted for one evening to its former rôle. This was for the twenty-first birthday party which Sir Brian and Lady Mountain gave there for their only daughter Fleur. It made a truly striking setting. The dining-room was lit entirely by pink candles in silver candlesticks with pink flowers, on all the supper tables.

The flowers in the ballroom were quite lovely. Only white ones were used—a clever contrast to the red brocade walls.

The entrance to the ballroom was transformed for the evening to a tropical garden, with palms and other exotic trees, a live parrot, blue

(Continued overleaf)



Two Hundred Guests Attended An Independence Day Reception At The Dominican Republic Embassy
The wife of the Colombian Ambassador, Señora de Villarreal, chatting with Mr. H. Cools at this well-attended reception.



The Ambassador, H.E. Señor Don Luis Logrono Cohen (right), talking to Mrs. N. Cowley and Major Julian du Parc Braham



Miss Marilu Romero, daughter of the Philippines Ambassador, with Dr. Carlos A. Suazo Honduras Chargé d'Affaires

Social Journal (Contd.)

A Crinoline Of Lace

budgerigars and a fascinating little monkey who was very friendly, which many of the guests wanted to take home.

SIR BRIAN and Lady Mountain, who wore a ballet length crinoline in a shade of peacock blue with a diamond necklace, had a large family dinner party before the dance including their two sons, Denis and Nicholas, several other relations, and contemporaries of Fleur, who looked sweet in a ballet length crinoline of palest grey lace and tulle with a pink top and pink stole round her shoulders. About a hundred and seventy guests were at the dance, mostly friends of Fleur and her brothers. I saw the Hon. Caroline Cust and her fiancé, Mr. John Partridge, who are getting married from her father's Lincolnshire home, Belton, in May, Miss Valda Rogerson, Mr. Gay Kindersley, Miss Sara Chester-Beatty, Mr. John Slesinger, and Miss Gillian Grant, who came with her stepfather and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Smith Grant. Gillian's fiancé, Capt. Ivan Straker, could not get leave to escort her. They are having a country wedding in Scotland at her stepfather's home Orton in Morayshire on April 24.

Young marrieds at the dance included Viscount and Viscountess Savernake and the Hon. James and Mrs. Remnant. His parents, Lord and Lady Remnant, who are neighbours of the Mountains in Hampshire, were among the few older friends at the dance, who also included Sir David and Lady Eccles, Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Smithers (he is the M.P. for the part of Hampshire in which the host and hostess live), and Ursula Jeans with her husband Roger Livesey, happily making a splendid recovery from his recent operation.

Guests enjoyed a delicious buffet supper which, instead of the usual menu, included kedgerie, kidneys and bacon and various egg dishes. Hutch provided the cabaret at what was a very happy twenty-first birthday party.

★ ★ ★

A BEAUTIFUL bowl of arum lilies decorated the landing, and big vases of mixed spring flowers were in the double drawing-room, for the delightful reception which the Dominican Ambassador gave at the Embassy in Eaton Square to celebrate the Independence Day of his country.

An early arrival was the Apostolic Delegate and newly appointed Archbishop of Liverpool, Archbishop Godfrey, who was greeting many friends. The Swiss Minister and Mme. Torrenté I saw talking to the Italian Ambassador and Mme. Romero, the charming wife of the Philippines Ambassador, who brought one of her daughters. Nearby, chatting with the Nepalese Ambassador and the lovely Rancee Shanker, who wore an exquisite wine coloured sari and fine pearls, was the Ethiopian Ambassador. The Mexican Ambassador came with his wife, Mme. de Icaza, who looked extremely chic and wore a new spring hat as did many of the other diplomatic wives. She had just been to Mexico to attend the marriage of her son.

The Mexican Minister Counsellor, M. Inders de Negri, was deep in conversation with Mrs. Marie-Luisa Arnold who told me later how much everyone was looking forward to the return of Mr. John W. Taylor, Britain's very popular Ambassador to Mexico, who is retiring to take up his new appointment as Director-General of the Hispanic and Luso-Brazilian Council who have their headquarters in Belgrave Square.

Sir William and Lady Rook were at the party, also Sir Eugen and Lady Effie Millington-Drake, who have been spending some weeks at the house they have taken in North Africa. Mrs. McNeil Robertson, who is such an active personality at the Allied Circle, Miss Wardel wearing a small white hat and very chic little white bolero, Mme. Rodas wearing a very gay spring hat who came with her husband the Bolivian Ambassador, and the Chilean Ambassador, who had to leave early, were also there.



Mrs. Hounsell, Mrs. J. H. Scott, Major-Gen. H. A. Hounsell, W/Cdr. R. M. Mackenzie and F/Lt. J. H. Scott met in the foyer for an apéritif

"THE QUEEN'S SQUADRON"—No. 603 Squadron (City of Edinburgh) R. Aux. A.F., of which Her Majesty is the Air Commodore—gave their annual ball in the Albyn Rooms, Queen Street. Among the guests were officers of 602 Squadron (City of Glasgow), friendly rivals of the hosts



F/Lt. McGregor, a member of 602 Squadron, was in conversation with G/Capt. J. C. Sisson, Air Officer Administration, 12 Group, Newton



Air/Cdre. C. G. Lott, Sector Commander for Scotland, with Miss Doris Millar and S/Ldr. L. A. Schofield, who commands 603 Squadron



S/Ldr. Davidson, 602 Squadron, with Mrs. and Mr. Douglas and F/Lt. McIntosh, 603 Squadron. The 602 (City of Glasgow) is the only squadron in the R.A.F. permitted to wear the kilt

Norward Inglis



Michael Dunne

THE HON. RACHEL RODD is the fourth and youngest daughter of the Rt. Hon. Lord Rennell of Rodd, K.B.E., C.B., D.L., and of Lady Rennell of Rodd, of Presteigne, Radnorshire. She is the granddaughter of Lord and Lady Bicester and is a niece of both Simon Elwes the painter and Nancy Mitford the novelist. Miss Rodd recently returned from Paris where she had been for a year, and is continuing her linguistic studies at the Institut Français in South Kensington. She is a keen horsewoman, and her other interests include furniture and paintings, and the making of wines

Emmwood



At The Theatre

This Coriolanus Is Exciting

SCHOOLMASTERS, for good and obvious reasons, are fond of that instructive piece of Roman history, *Coriolanus*. It has never been very popular in the theatre. A sixth sense tells playgoers that there is something missing somewhere. They feel perhaps that more planning than inspiration went to its making. The Othellos, the Macbeths, the Lears, such is the intensity of their imagining, might have come about through a process of nature. *Coriolanus*, for all the subtlety with which he is analysed and for all his vividness and rhetorical splendour, is born of a process which is recognisably literary. His place is at the very end of the great tragic cycle. We sense the exhausting of a mood.

However this may be, there is no doubt that Mr. Michael Benthall's production at the Old Vic has made a really exciting thing of a play which it is by no means easy to get right on the stage. He keeps the story moving rapidly, clearly and forcefully, giving ease to the class war in Rome, managing the battle scenes between Romans and Volscians as though personally convinced that what was meant to please the Elizabethan groundlings can be pleasing still if carried out with an eye for realistic detail and broad pictorial effect, and leaving Mr. Richard Burton free to show exactly how inordinate pride may undo a hero.

MR. BURTON is not an ideal *Coriolanus*. He has too much humanity for a patrician of the patricians who has a natural dislike for the people of any class but his own, and apt to show a flash of choler and a touch of intolerant superiority even to men of his own rank. But he has the voice and the presence for the part; his delivery of the verse, though not free from surprising lapses, is generally good; and he is always interesting in his dealings with Volumnia, especially in the superb scene in the last act when the revengeful tyrant realises how greatly his mother dominates his spirit.

Miss Joyce Compton is a fierce, rather a sternly majestic Volumnia, and Miss Claire Bloom, whose sole function as the wife is to touch the tragedy with tears, adds grace to the pathos of the hapless young woman. Mr. William Squire, adding some lustre to his real age, does remarkably well with the foolish, witty Menenius.

IN praising Mr. Benthall's handling of the Roman factions there is, I think, one reservation to be made. Modern producers have fallen into the bad habit of making the two tribunes of the people behave as doddering fools. They get thereby a slight measure of comic relief at the cost of the real drama. Nothing that the tribunes say necessarily supports the view that they are old and foolish and comic. Their handling of the mob is astute, and they judge shrewdly the dangerous character of the man who has brought them great victories but, while seeking the consulship, is too proud to appeal for the votes which are his for the asking. The political side of the play would gain enormously if the plebeians were more seriously represented.

With this reservation the production is well worth seeing.

—Anthony Cookman



In the foyer before the curtain went up on the first night were Mrs. Hanbury, Mr. Nicholas Hanbury, Major Allan Waldron, Mrs. Cynthia Hepner, Mrs. Guthrie, and Mr. Allan Guthrie

ANTONIO'S SPANISH BALLET received a tremendous welcome when they returned to London for a short season at the Stoll Theatre. The youthful company dances with colour and verve and encores are constantly demanded by appreciative audiences



Air Commodore Whitney Straight, deputy chairman of B.O.A.C., chatted to Senorita Naritina de Latorre



Countess Czernin and Mr. Hugh Smythe had a drink together and agreed that the company was brilliant



Miss Isie-Suzelli Esselen, Mr. Peter Rowland, Mr. Patrick Tattersall, Miss Joyce Rackman and Miss Susan Collingwood Carter were others who gathered in the bar during the interval



MR. THOMAS HALL, 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own), and Mrs. Hall smiled happily as they left St. Margaret's, Westminster, beneath the swords of a guard of honour, after their recent marriage. The bride, the former Miss Mariette Hornby, is the daughter of Mr. R. A. Hornby, of Radnor Place, W.2, and of Lady Veronica Hussey, of Westminster Gardens, S.W.1, while the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Hall, of Cricket St. Thomas, Somerset



CAPT. J. V. BROCK, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.C.N., Naval member of the Canadian Joint Staff, was the host at a recent party and was here with Mrs. Brock welcoming Capt. H. R. B. Janvrin, R.N.

Talk Around the Town

A DESIRE to make sure of my facts rather more than any æsthetic considerations, prompted a visit I recently paid to the display of the Royal plate at the Victoria and Albert. Someone had said to me: "It must be fascinating. But you know, although I have dined at the Palace, I've never eaten off the gold plates, and I've always wondered what food tastes like off gold."

"I don't think the plates themselves are gold," I said.

"Are you sure? Quite sure?" she asked, with such earnestness that I went to find out.

My first reaction was that such a wealth of gold is not as impressive as it must have

been in the yesterdays. We live in an age of the synthetic, when for £2 or £3 you can buy a necklace that sparkles like Cartier's best.

"I don't think it is solid gold," remarked one of the elderly ladies who were present at the display, and who, with the other visitors, were almost as interesting as the gold plate itself: among them three coloured students (from the Gold Coast?) and a group of unidentifiable foreigners, who whipped off their hats on entering as if in the presence of living royalty.

IF the elderly lady had looked closer she could have seen some pieces on which the gold had in many cases worn off, revealing silver beneath. And one

has a vision of a Cockney scullion, in a dungeon-like Royal kitchen, being reprimanded for scrubbing too hard.

Most of the elaborate decorative groups encrusted on the wine-coolers, flagons, punch-bowls and table-centres seem to harp on a marine theme, with dryads and Neptunes and tridents. Or at least on a balneal motive. One receptacle in particular has such a galaxy of nudes that I fancy it would send the temperature of any wine up rather than cool it off.

The most lavish buyer of gold plate was, as one might suppose, the Prince Regent. "His acquisitions were on such a scale," says the catalogue, "that it has never been necessary to make any substantial additions to it since."

I should think not! Most of the pieces commissioned by him had to be paid for afterwards by a parliamentary grant.

One of his wine-coolers in particular was used as a punch-bowl at the christening of Edward VII., and holds seven dozen bottles; which seems ample.

As I came away I saw the same elderly lady hard at it, catalogue in hand, giving each piece a most detailed examination.

We all of us share this desire to see things which we can never possess—and in which, oddly, the people who do possess them so often take little interest.

★ ★ ★
You used to step inside the double doors, and instantly the wet London pavements, the east wind and the traffic's noise melted away in languorous warmth.

Your cheque-book and its worries, your watch and your money were taken from you. A bare-footed menial led the way in, having first of all bared yours. You could have a Turkish cigarette, Turkish coffee, and the only thing missing seemed to be any sign marked: "To the Harem."

"Both Sherlock Holmes and I had a weakness for the Turkish bath," wrote Dr. Watson, in the Adventure of the Illustrious Client. "It was over a smoke in the pleasant lassitude of the drying-room that I found him less reticent and more human than anywhere else. On the upper floor of the Northumberland Avenue establishment there is an isolated corner. . . ."

I thought of this on a recent cold and easterly March day, and wondered why the cult of the Turkish bath seems to have languished.

JERMYN STREET'S "Hammam" vanished with a bang on the night of April 16th, 1941. The upper floor of the Northumberland Avenue establishment is closed.

NOXIOUS WEED

A dream of sweet oblivion ends
As science shamelessly extends
Huge hungry hands to gather in
Another harmful human sin.

While probing pundits don't debar
Snuff, shag, cheroot or strong cigar
As noxious weed, the race inhales
In cigarettes its coffin-nails,
They say—and doubtless find it jolly
To spike us, squirming, on our folly.

—Jean Stanger

I know of one West End bath left, and there seem two in the City.

But it is all of fifteen years since I settled down to drowse over the soporific prose which was handed to you as a leaflet; relaxed and refreshed, sustained by a tender underdone steak and a pint of stout.

More than once in those years I met a man who answered to the same name as the "illustrious client" of Watson's story, who was so illustrious that Holmes even forbade him ever to mention it, lest the news get back to St. James's Palace.

★ ★ ★
SOME of the efforts of Sir Alexander Maxwell's Travel Association boys have been provoking criticism.

A righteous letter came from a U.S. citizen protesting against the word "plunder" in an American advertisement for the joys of Britain, and what a visitor can take away from it tax-free.

"We wish to plunder no friendly land," he wrote.

On the other side, a couple of days later there was a group of Argentine tourists who declared, in transit, that they never knew Britain had any tourist attractions, and so were by-passing it in favour of France, Switzerland and Italy.

Some of the Association's current advertising in the U.S. is a trifle optimistic, to say the least.

"Ever been greeted by a Royal Waterman of the Queen? You will be, on the banks of the Thames," runs a caption below a picture of a man in a crimson Tudor tunic. A visitor might meet, indeed, such

a man, but more probably it would be at Wapping, and he would be dressed less ceremoniously; although he could possibly give the visitor a new idea of the broad range of the Queen's English.

The most placid hamlet that ever nestled by the banks of the Teign, hiding its thatched roofs away from traffic, is given this legend: "They speak your language in more ways than one at Torquay, for this is a charming resort where . . ."

A woman in the fancy-dress of Wales is shown pointing to a ruined castle: "In the friendly green valleys of Wales, the native hospitality is as traditional as the native's costumes."

★ ★ ★
THE late Mr. Harold Ross used to make good use of the circular letters which came through his post, and listed many of the coyest of them under the heading of "Letters I Never Finished Reading."

The best one I have received so far this year starts off on a manly, frank and Christian note.

"Dear Sir," it says: "This letter is intended only for those who follow our great traditional sport of racing, for it is not our wish to induce members of the public to bet nor to suggest that racing is the royal road to fortune."

However, the manifesto gets down at last to facts such as the £35,000,000 won by clients in the past three years, with a selection of wins of fantastic sums.

All of which is to say that The Flat will be with us again in a few weeks.

★ ★ ★
A MAN who was recently in Berlin and upon whom fell the task of acting as a translator between Russians and English remarked that after years of such experience he had come to the conclusion that a good deal of the world's ills are due to faulty translations of phrases.

One I quote off-hand is the Kaiser's alleged "contemptible little Army," which should have read "contemptibly."

My Russian friend says that when he arrived in this country as a boy after the Revolution, he found English extremely difficult, and quoted as two of the most obscure words "now" and "then."

After his teacher had gone into the various meanings of these two words, he moved on to another word.

"Now then . . ." he began.

—Gordon Beckles



Desmond O'Neill

The Naval Member and Staff Officers of the Canadian Joint Staff Entertained 500 Guests

Vice-Admiral S. M. Raw, Fourth Sea Lord, with Admiral Y. M. R. Le Hage, French Naval Attaché, and Mrs. J. Wedlake

At the Dorchester, Cdr. P. Cossette, R.C.N., Mrs. Jane Stringer and Mrs. Cossette enjoyed a joke together

Capt. R. J. Brooks, R.M., Lt.-Cdr. R. H. Sylvester, R.C.N., Mrs. Sylvester and Mrs. Brooks also enjoyed this "thank you" party

ALLIED CIRCLE PARTY FOR "LATIN-AMERICA"

RENOWNED for its hospitality and the excellence of its parties, the Allied Circle's reputation was heightened once more when invitations to a reception were extended to the heads of the South American Missions in London. More than a hundred guests were present and all agreed that the occasion was one to remain long in the memory



Mme. Brondi, Mme. Brunet, the Argentine Minister Senor Brunet, and the Uruguayan Chargé d'Affaires Senor Brondi, were four of the Latin-American guests who gathered at the Circle's Green Street, W., headquarters



Lady Evelyn Jones, Entertainments Committee chairman, with the host and hostess, Lord and Lady Dudley Gordon



Mrs. McNeil Robertson, the founder and a vice-chairman, with H.E. the Argentine Ambassador, Senor Desiri



Mr. Laurence Jones was in conversation with Mrs. Lionel Huntingdon. They are both members of the Circle



The Marquess and Marchioness of Reading discussed the work of the Circle with Lady Burghley. The party was one of several given annually to enable the members to meet diplomatists and overseas visitors to these shores



Lady Barlow (Margaret Rawlings the actress), Mr. Cyril Mason and Mr. Paul de Hevesy were also there



Mr. Kenneth M. B. Cross, Hon. Secretary of the Institution, and Mrs. Ivor Cross were welcomed at Grosvenor House by Mr. Howard Robertson, M.C., and Mrs. Robertson, who is herself an architect

THE FIRST DINNER given by the Royal Institute of British Architects was even more successful than its two predecessors, and was attended by a company of 600. Mr. Howard Robertson, President for the second year, received with Mrs. Robertson



Air Marshal Sir Roderic Hill, Mrs. Waterhouse and Mr. Michael Waterhouse met for an aperitif



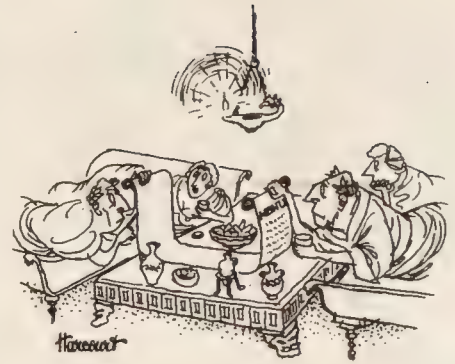
Studying the table plan and the list of speeches to be given were Mr. F. J. M. Ormrod and Mrs. Ormrod



Mr. J. M. Richards, Sir Hugh Casson, and Mrs. Douglas Bolton, chairman of the London County Council



Mr. H. S. Goodhart-Rendel, the Duke of Wellington, and H.E. the French Ambassador, M. Rene Massigli



DINING OUT

A Gold Necklace For the Lager

ONE reason—of many—why beer so seldom gets on to the dining table is that the bottles scarcely enhance any decorative effect.

So lager is poured into a jug, thus losing some of its sparkle after a time.

The Germans, who will drink their beers under any circumstances—and with anything, e.g., chocolate éclairs—have long made a speciality of attractive bottles. I was sent some the other day, a Pilsener, the neck of which was garlanded with gold foil.

The middle Europeans make good lagers, with a fine balance between strength and delicacy of taste, but the virtue of this particular one—"D Pils"—is its freedom from sugar, and it is brewed especially for beer-loving diabetics. Also, of course, for the over-corpulent. Despite its clinical hall-mark, I found it a very good beer.

If you tire in France of their local beers, you will be well advised to order a Strasbourg if possible, being the nearest they get to German lager. Which brings us to—

DINER ALSACIEN (at the St. Ermin's, in Westminster).—Few West End restaurants feature Alsatian food—but this was a Wine and Food Society repast. The cuisine of Strasbourg is a hybrid one, keeping the balance between French delicacy and German sauerkraut. None of the latter on this menu, but such pleasing things as "Quiche comme à la 'Maison des Têtes'" from Colmar, which is in the nature of a hot *hors d'œuvre* of cream, onions, bacon and cheese—baked.

Coq Sauté in white wine is not often met with (it's nearly always red), and this was done with mushrooms. The green was salsify, seldom met with in restaurants, which is supposed to taste like oysters, but always of asparagus to me. An ice-cream flavoured with mirabelle followed.

BOTH quetsch and mirabelle are plum spirits, the former the stronger of the two. Wines offered at the above dinner were a Sylvaner, a Riesling Hugel '49 (an Auslese) and a Traminer (Jacobert) '49.

The Alsatian wines shared in the richness of that year, but the fortunes of war (three of them) have not been too kind to them. The result is that, although you can get a good Riesling, a Traminer or a Sylvaner, it is rare that they are as good as the more coddled German wines. They are too much of the standard of South African hock and Moselle, excellent in their way, but not the very best.

—I. Bickerstaff



Mrs. Haksar and His Highness Maharajah Faten Sahib of Limbdi were watching from his box



Mrs. Florence Shepherd, a visitor from England, accompanied Mrs. A. C. Clarke to the Mahalaxmi racecourse



Lady Rama Rau, wife of the Governor of the Reserve Bank of India, sat next to Mr. J. B. Reid, of the Bank of England

RACEGOERS IN INDIA AT ROYAL TURF CLUB

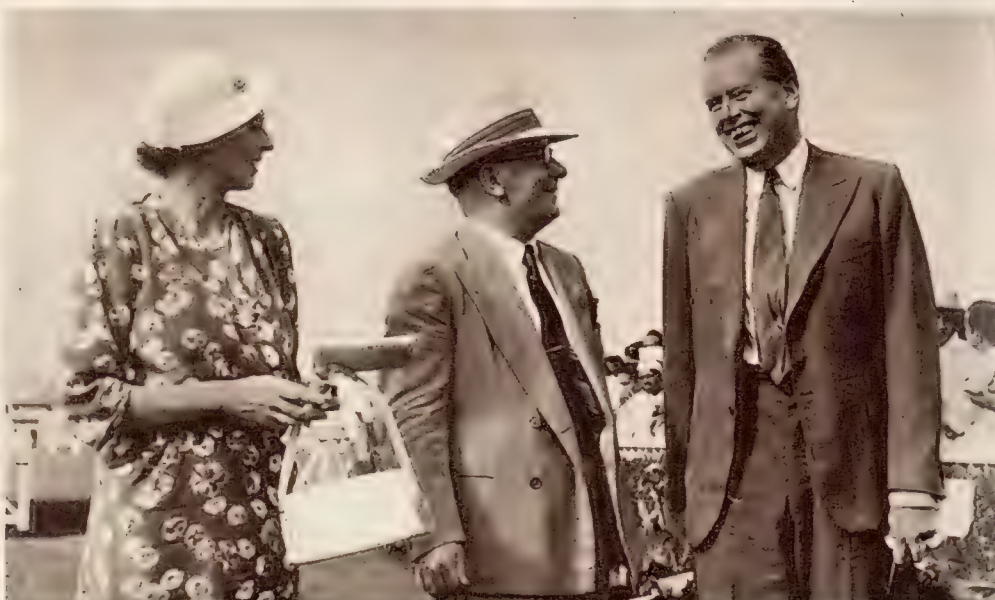
A LARGE crowd of racegoers, including several visitors from England, went to the Royal Western India Turf Club at Bombay to see one of the biggest races of the year, the Eclipse Stakes of India. It was won by Brogue Royal, owned by Mr. G. A. Jasdanwalla, who scored a "hat trick" that day by winning also the Ceylon Turf Club Cup and the Matunga Plate



Mr. G. A. Jasdanwalla (right) and his trainer, Mr. L. W. Marrable, lead in Always Fair (E. Cracknell up), after it had won the Ceylon Turf Club Cup



Their Highnesses the Maharaja and Maharani of Baria were on their way to the members' stand before racing began



Mr. A. C. Clarke (centre), a steward of the R.W.I.T.C., chatting with Lady Hermione Cobbold and Mr. Cameron Cobbold, Governor of the Bank of England



SIR MICHAEL PETO AND HIS FAMILY AT THEIR DOMESDAY MANOR HOUSE

AFTER having lived at their Scottish home, Dundonnell House, by Gave, Ross-shire, since 1948, Sir Michael Peto, Bt., and Lady Peto have recently taken up residence again for a short time at historic Iford Manor, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts, and are seen in the garden hall. Pictured also are their only daughter Serena and their future son-in-law, Major Torquhil Matheson, Coldstream Guards, elder son of Gen. Sir Torquhil and Lady Elizabeth Matheson



W. MORRIS
Major Torquhil Matheson, nephew of the Earl of Albemarle, with his fiancée, Miss Serena Peto, examine an original Breeches Bible. Tradition says that if this Bible is removed from the house, the building will crumble



DAUGHTERS OF THE FAMILY of the Count of Paris with their mother in their beautiful home at Louveciennes, seven miles from the capital. Standing are Princess Helen, aged nineteen, with ten-year-old Princess Claude. Then come the Countess, Princess Chantal and Princess Isabelle, twenty-two-year-old eldest daughter. Seated are Princess Anne and Princess Diane. They have five brothers, the Princes Henri, Francois, Thibault, Michael and Jacques.

Priscilla in Paris

Monstrous Regiment Of Bottles

IT would be difficult to pretend that this is not a wine-drinking country.

On yesterday's tranquil, sunny Sunday afternoon the pavements of the *VI^e arrondissement* were bristling with bottles. Hundreds and hundreds of empty wine bottles. They stood in long, deep rows, a monster game of ninepins and one thought what a magnificent crash there would be if an immense wooden ball, bowled by a hefty arm, came hurtling down the streets.

The abbé Pierre was making a house-to-house collection for his down-and-outs. People were asked to give anything and everything—to empty their attics and their cellars. Hence the bottles. It was

impossible, although volunteer gangs worked till nightfall, to clear everything away, and next morning the rag-pickers must have held festival.

It seems also (if my Josephine can believe the milkman) that a certain toper who fell asleep on his own doorstep and woke to find himself surrounded with empty bottles, turned pale, gasped "*Mon Dieu, did I drink all that?*" staggered to the taxi-rank and had himself driven to the nearest hospital.

A VERY grand old lady is dead. Eighty-year-old Mademoiselle Angèle Koppe was the daughter of Mme. Louise Koppe, who in 1880 founded la Maison Maternelle, one of the oldest charity organisations in Paris recognised to be "of public

utility" by the French Government. On her mother's death, Mlle. Angèle continued with the good work: a really *homelike* home for poor children. So long as there is room to place yet another cot all are welcome, no matter their race or their religion.

Up to last year, although she had become almost blind, Mlle. Angèle used to get up before dawn, even in winter, and accompanied by her *alter ego*, Mme. Jonniaux, she visited the Central Markets in order to beg the wholesale vegetable dealers for the unsold surplus that is so often thrown away. When she was no longer able to get about she still managed to write grateful little notes to her old subscribers in a spidery script that slanted upwards and sometimes straggled off the page. . . . These little notes will be seen no more, but they will be remembered and the Maison Maternelle, under Mme. Jonniaux's management, goes on.

MME. SIMONE has given us at the Salle Luxembourg of the Comédie Française an exquisite dream-play: *En Attendant l'Aurore*. The plot, at first, seems familiar. It is the old story of the beautiful woman who, beginning to lose her beauty, draws her curtains, stops her clocks, destroys her mirrors and veils her face. There is a way, however, of accomplishing these romantic renuncements, and the way of Mme. Simone's heroine is not the way of her more lackadaisical sisters. Alberta de Reveyro belongs to the Winterhalter age of crinolines and massed ringlets. Slowly ageing in her lacquer-panelled and quilted abode, she lives alone with an old servant; every evening, a pianist—to be heard but not seen—comes to play for her. Her thoughts are only of the past . . . her hatred for the Great Personage who, for his own ends, made her believe in the faithlessness of her young lover, Silvio, and who later, having made her his mistress, showed her how aware he was of her first wrinkles.

ONE evening the usual pianist is replaced by a mysterious and elegant stranger, and Alberta learns from him that when the clock—that has suddenly started to tick again—strikes the last stroke of twelve, she will die; for the elegant Brummel who so soulfully renders Schubert's *Serenade* is cousin-germane to the Man with the Scythe. He is all-powerful, for, at the first stroke of midnight, Alberta regains her youth and beauty.

With one gesture the thanatognomic pianist waves away the lacquered walls of her salon and she finds herself back in the pleasure-loving world she knew in her youth. The Great Personage has become old, obese and quite horrible and yet is newly married to a lovely, terrified girl. Alberta's revenge is rapid, and the striking of the clock is delayed till dawn to permit its accomplishment.

She engineers the flight of the girl with a lover, the old man dies, and when at last the twelfth stroke chimes, Alberta, happy in the belief that she will find Silvio waiting for her, fades into the great nebula that we people with our beliefs—or our dreams.

Enfin!

● President Coty is an admirer of Rimbaud. "Of course," remarks a friend, "poets are permitted every latitude!" "Not exactly," the President answers, "but they may be forgiven the latitude they take."



AN HISTORIC CLAIM UPHELD WITH DIGNITY

By Descendant Of The Capets

THE Pretender to the Throne of France, the Count of Paris, is here seen at home with his Countess. As the great-grandson of King Louis Philippe, and a descendant of the Capets—equivalent to our Plantagenets—the Count maintains his claim with great ability and good sense, and is on excellent terms with the Republic. It was with the Count and his family that H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Kent stayed, while completing her education



Miss Elizabeth Fiennes was welcomed by the hostess and host, Mrs. and Mr. H. C. Berens, while Mr. Richard Berens, whose birthday it was, waited to shake hands with her



Miss Annie Lou Worthington-Evans noticed friends arriving and suggested to Mr. Dick Gubbins that they should join them



Taking a turn round the dance floor were Miss Virginia E. Court and Mr. Charles McArthur Hardy



Miss Rose Lycett-Green and Mr. Charles Connell sat out in the hall and enjoyed a joke together

A SON IS TWENTY-ONE —A DAUGHTER ENGAGED

WHEN the two hundred and fifty guests accepted Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Berens's invitation to the coming-of-age of their eldest son Richard, they did not know that they would also be celebrating the engagement of his sister, Penelope, to Mr. Jerry Akroyd, which had been announced two days before the party. The fine Georgian house, Bentworth Hall, Alton, Hants, was beautifully decorated for the occasion, with a marquee in the garden for dancing and a delicious buffet supper, and it was not until the early hours that the guests said farewell



Miss Priscilla Stewart-Smith was partnered by Mr. Peter Allfrey while the band played a foxtrot



Miss Penelope Berens with her fiancé, Mr. Euan Akroyd. Their wedding is planned to take place in June



Entering the flower-decked marquee Miss Angela Hill-Wood was asked to dance by Mr. Euan Hillary



Talking together before the fireplace in the drawing-room while drinking a cocktail were Miss Charlotte Baylis and Mr. Julian Gibbs



Guests at this very happy party Miss Jill Van den Bergh and Mr. Patrick Killery



Miss Juliet Heseltine danced with Mr. David Martin-Thomson and discussed plans for the season ...



Miss Sara Jewson, Mr. Timothy Renton, Miss Jennifer Clark and Mr. David Watney paused for a moment in the covered way leading to the ballroom

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

SALVADOR DALI's forthcoming film about a woman in love with a wheelbarrow involves (we perceive from advance-publicity in a Parisian weekly) one of those finely-woven emotional mix-ups so dear to Henry James. The subtle talents of a Virginia Woolf or a Charles Morgan should have found the theme equally congenial, one feels. Maybe they have.

However, one or two vivid incidents devised by the maestro Dali to reinforce what Henry James describes as "a central and lively consciousness"—such as six stuffed swans full of explosive blowing up in slow motion, a shaven-headed woman balancing an omelette on her head in a frozen lake, and a herd of hippopotami leaping into the Trevi Fountain, Rome—leave us a trifle dubious. In *Lady Alicia's Secret* Slogger James himself illustrates what he calls "accessibility to suspense" with more delicate irony. We quote from the synopsis:

When Lady Alicia realizes at long last, with a cry of agony, that her feeling for the Chippendale tallboy is more than friendship, her hat is filled with small river-fish by six Eskimo postmen, an illuminated clock in her stomach strikes twenty-five, and a brisk shower of *risotto alla milanese* and bronze Renaissance doorknobs from the sixteen towers of San Gernigano herald the arrival on a steam-roller of Geoffrey Maydew, scion of an old Boston (Mass.) family noted for social self-consciousness and very beautiful cut-glass legs.

But not till Lady Alicia finds her missing third eye in a guitar played by a blue Andalusian horse in a quandary is the tangle of circumstances finally resolved—in this case by a tidal wave sweeping the whole gang away to hell-and-gone, none too soon.

The older master's touch you observe. Are we being a trifle supersensitive or hypercritical? Please don't scold us, it fuses all our vibrations.

Artbreak

WHY most Royal Academicians, who wallow and splash in Art all day, have such homely pans is a question which didn't occur to a sweetheart prattling lately about the ancient Greeks, who (she assumed) all looked like filmstars owing

to their love of Art, with never a pair of bandy legs or a single pieface among them apparently. (She erred).

The Academy provides a good reply to this superstition. In the 186 years of its existence, we find after careful inquiries, there has been only one authentic filmstar-type on the rolls, namely that celebrated glamourpuss Angelica Kauffman, R.A., who knocked the art world six ways from Sunday. There's a story of La Belle Kauffman fluttering her eyelashes in an Opera box in the 1770s with two lovesick Academicians' arms round her slim waist at once, each having a hand squeezed and deeming himself deliriously to be top boy. Such experiences should presumably have led to (a) great art and (b) some improvement in the Academy's looks. They did neither, possibly because at this period the boys drank like fish and fought like dogs, possibly because the Race as a whole left off delighting foreigners with its facial charm at the end of the Middle Ages and has never got back to that happy state.

And after all a homely R.A. pan is no disgrace. It's the stigmata of rage and jealousy which disgust the thoughtful. (End message).

Mums

AT thirty-two an air-hostess is too old to be an air-hostess, according to a recent decree of American Airways Incorporated. Apparently there's no retiring-age on British lines. If there were, we'd like to think it was eighty-two.

And to our surprise we find that men of affairs with steely jaws—men accustomed to weighing facts and making "snap" decisions on a myriad vital problems—are with us. While they appreciate a trim ankle and a flashing smile as much as anybody, even if worn with clothing, these overburdened Titans of the modern world confess that what they long for most on a transatlantic air-trip is the haven of a mother's bosom. "Give me a sweet, silver-haired old air-hostess of eighty smiling tremulously down the aisle," said a leading man of affairs to us last week, "and you can keep all your flimsy beauty-queens, or at least," said this man of affairs curtly, smoothing a head like a hard-boiled egg, "nearly all." This conversation ensued:

"You wouldn't expect a dear old air-hostess of eighty to spend the entire trip with your head on her bosom? What about the other men of affairs on the plane?"

"We'd pass her round. Fifteen minutes each. Five for soothing away worries, five for humming the old songs in a low, sweet contralto, five for reading aloud from some good book."

"You'd expect a silent tear or two dropped on your head?"

"Yes. She'd carry a towel."

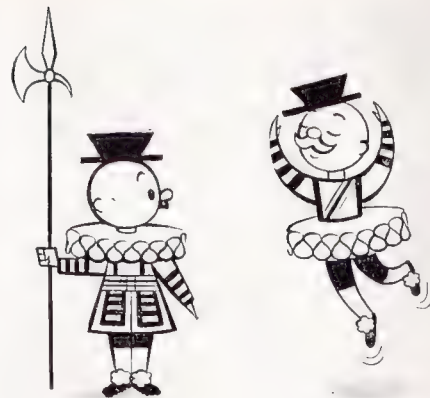
"And drinks?"

"And drinks."

We left him in a daydream, toying with blueprints for tripling the woollen underpants export-drive by nuclear fission.

Goggle

IT's rubbish to think that watching mushrooms is easy," declared a professional mushroom-watcher to the Press boys the other day, after being awarded £2,680 damages at Norfolk Assizes



ROR DAVIS

following a car-crash which deprived him, in his own words, of ability to concentrate. It seems clear to us that this expert was taking a crack at that growing army of amateurs who spend their time watching birds, trains, blondes, butterflies, men digging holes in the road, and a myriad other objects of interest.

The expert can do so, a chap in close touch with Scotland Yard tells us, with good reason, and we agree. Mushroom-watchers concentrate indoors and have a fine reputation for sincerity and worth—in fact down our way there is an old saying: "Up right as a mushroom-watcher," and in 1925-6 one of the boys actually officiated in his leisure hours as Rector's Warden and was subsequently created a J.P. You don't find public honours showered on those types *équivoques* who—to quote the charming but irresponsible poet W. H. Davies, who launched the goggling racket—have "time to stand and stare" at birds, cows, and at other objects. Most of these, to be frank, live in a fool's paradise, unaware that the plain clothed cops are watching them equally, and in increasing numbers.

Every now and again the Press boys feature a Man With Staring Eyes who runs amuck in the suburbs, attacking little Mrs. Average Housewife and behaving deplorably. It takes no Freud to make melancholy deductions.

Tailpiece

TO a chap mumbling about the eternal appeal of old fairy tales we suggest that although Perrault, Andersen, the Grimm Bros., and the other ace faery boys and girls did their stuff pretty well, the best and oldest fairy tale in the world is also the shortest, consisting of six words only:

"There was once a retired actress."

Published by arrangement with Equity, Our Dumb Friends' League, the Royal Society for the Protection of Tropical Birds, the British Dental Association, the World-Brotherhood Federation, the British Queen-Bee Breeders' Co-operative, and Joe and Izzy, of Swiftsure Publicity, Ltd.

~~~~~ BRIGGS . . . by Graham ~~~~~





Miss Patricia Boyd, Lt. Richard Blomfield, R.E., Lt. Hamish Grace, R.E., and Miss Morney Hooley watched the dancing from a balcony. The Club was formed in 1951, and has been increasingly successful.



and Lt. Ian S. Cameron, Cameron Highlanders, and Miss Diana Richardson were supper companions.



Lt. J. R. Finley, Cameron Highlanders, and Miss Jill Whitcombe discussed an unusual dish.

THE RHINE ARMY Officers' Reel Club gave their fourth annual ball in the Kurhaus, Bad Oeynhausen, Westphalia. Nearly 200 guests danced to Black Watch pipers and the band of the 1st Bn., South Staffs. Regiment, an exceptionally gay evening resulting



Mrs. Deakin, Air Commodore A. J. Dow, O.B.E., W/Cdr. C. H. Deakin and Group Officer E. M. Pitter were guests from the 2nd Tactical Air Force, Germany. President of the ball was Col. D. C. Mullen, O.B.E.

ST. GEORGE FRENGLAND, M.P.



"I've wasted a page—he's a nonentity!!"

## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

★ HE entered the chemist's shop and asked for his favourite brand of hair cream. He was told it was out of stock, but was offered a substitute. ★  
"Is it as good as the brand I normally use?" he asked doubtfully.  
"Well," replied the chemist, "it's a kind of superior equivalent."

GOING the rounds of an office, the efficiency expert came across one that had more desks, telephones and typewriters than it had workers. He thought something needed tightening up here, so he asked one of the girls: "What is the normal complement of this office?"

The girl looked at him with a puzzled glance. "Well," she said hesitantly, "I reckon the most usual compliment is 'How's my beautiful to-day?'"

★ ★ ★  
HIS skill at the game was less than his enthusiasm when the golfer played for the first time on a championship course. A sliced drive and an even more badly-sliced second shot took him far from the fairway.

When at length he found his ball, he turned to his caddie. "Which direction is the green from here?" he inquired ruefully.

"Due west, sir," replied the caddie sardonically. "If we nip through this hedge we can get a bus."

★ ★ ★  
THE small boy trudged up to the librarian and put a rather dog-eared edition of *Advanced Calculus* on to the desk for returned books.

The librarian automatically checked his card and turned to replace the book on its shelf when she noticed the title. Amazed, she turned to face the boy and said: "Rather technical, isn't it?"

The youngster stared at her defiantly. "What do you mean?" he asked. "It was like that when I got it out!"

## At The Pictures

David Lean  
In Lanes

• Freda Bruce Lockhart •

FIRST delightful surprise of the new film season is to find Harold Brighouse's old Lancashire comedy *Hobson's Choice* (Plaza), the very complement to the cold perfection of David Lean's direction.

Brighouse's comedy of Hobson (Charles Laughton), the Mr. Barrett, not of Wimpole Street but of the Salford shoe-shop, worsted by his despised daughter Maggie (Brenda de Banzie) and by Mossop (John Mills), the illiterate boot-hand, makes a sturdy story still standing on its own feet.

The period setting in one of our less salubrious industrial centres allows Mr. Lean to exercise his virtuosity without preciousness, and to elicit magnificent performances. Charles Laughton shows that he has not forgotten how to act. John Mills is every bit as good as we should expect. But the hit of the film is made by Brenda de Banzie. Maggie, too old at thirty, an embittered spinster seeking a profitable partner, mellows under our eyes into a proud and happy wife. The part is a gift bestowed at just the moment when Miss de Banzie can take every opportunity it offers.

EPONYMOUS heroine of *The Maggie* (Odeon, Marble Arch) is a disreputable old cargo boat. Directed by Alexander Mackendrick, of *Whisky Galore*, this excursion to the Western Isles is rather less hilariously comic.

There are broad, even slapstick, occasions in the leisurely journey taken by an American financier (Paul Douglas) when he hopes to get a cargo delivered to his castle in Scotland. But Mr. Douglas himself conveys his frustration with almost British restraint, while Mackendrick shows for his (and my) pawky countrymen something like the mad-dened affection that Pagnol shows for his Provençals—though this is on a vastly smaller scale.

Scenery—complete with Highland cattle on a comically collapsing jetty—is, of course, lovely. So is the tacit partnership in delaying tactics exercised by the Maggie's ancient skipper (Alex Mackenzie) and the Wee Boy (Tommy Kearins).

LET all who go to the Carlton to see *Beneath the 12-Mile Reef* take exceptional care not to miss a minute (as I did) of *Vesuvius Express*, the short film accompanying it. This dash from Milan to Naples via Florence and Rome by Diesel *Rapido* is one of the most magical carpets the cinema has ever provided, and a perfect display of CinemaScope.

CinemaScope has had an easy victory over me. But I am glad to find a corner in the back stalls better sheltered from stereophonic sound than the circle.

Underwater CinemaScope provides *Beneath the 12-Mile Reef* with some fascinating shots in the grey-green mystery of the bottom of the sea. Above water, in the drama between good Greek fishermen and villains for whom the ocean bed is not big enough, colour matters more than the elongated screen. I enjoyed the picturesque characters and performances of Gilbert Roland as the Greek sponge-diver and Robert Wagner as his son and heir.



Charles Laughton and John Mills in "Hobson's Choice"



Col. Jack Dempsey, U.S.A.F., W/Cdr. D. Crowley-Milling, Mrs. E. Trenchard-Smith, Mrs. D. Crowley-Milling and W/Cdr. E. Trenchard-Smith, a former Commanding Officer of Odiham, met soon after arrival



F/Lt. S. H. Pain enjoyed a joke with Miss R. Holdsworth while drinking a cocktail in the bar

REVIEW AIR STATION  
GAVE A WINTER BALL

AT Odiham, Hants, where the Queen went for the R.A.F. Coronation Review last summer, No. 11 Group, Fighter Command, gave a winter ball. Between 200 and 250 guests were present, including many friends from neighbouring stations



F/Lt. R. C. Cowan, Mrs. Cowan, Mrs. T. Robinson and S/Ldr. T. Robinson, the station Padre



In the hall on their way to the ballroom were G/Capt. R. E. Baxter and Mrs. B. Hicks



W/Cdr. B. E. Peck, D.F.C., President of the Mess Committee, asked Mrs. Peck if she would care to dance



G/Capt. P. H. Saunders, G/Capt. J. M. Thompson, Senior Air Staff Officer, H.Q., No. 11 Group, and Mrs. Saunders



Other guests at this excellent ball were Miss Jean Henson, S/Ldr. D. J. Fowler and F/Lt. R. Goring-Morris



The Mayor and Mayoress of Basingstoke, Ald. and Mrs. John Stroud, were welcomed by the Commanding Officer and host, W/Cdr. R. M. B. Duke-Woolley, D.S.O., D.F.C., and Mrs. Duke-Woolley

## London Linelight



A meeting might well be arranged between Al Read and Sally Barnes, stars of "You'll Be Lucky"

## Good Pull-In for Charas

IT seems probable that the new show at the Adelphi, *You'll Be Lucky*, will attract the provincial charabanc trade for many months, but the keen student should face this situation squarely in order to observe a fascinating juxtaposition. Here is Mr. Al Read, a comedian with more than a touch of genius, in competition with Miss Sally Barnes, a comedienne of considerable skill. Mr. Read has little experience in the matter of handling live audiences, but what Miss Barnes does not know on the subject could be written in capitals under a postage stamp.

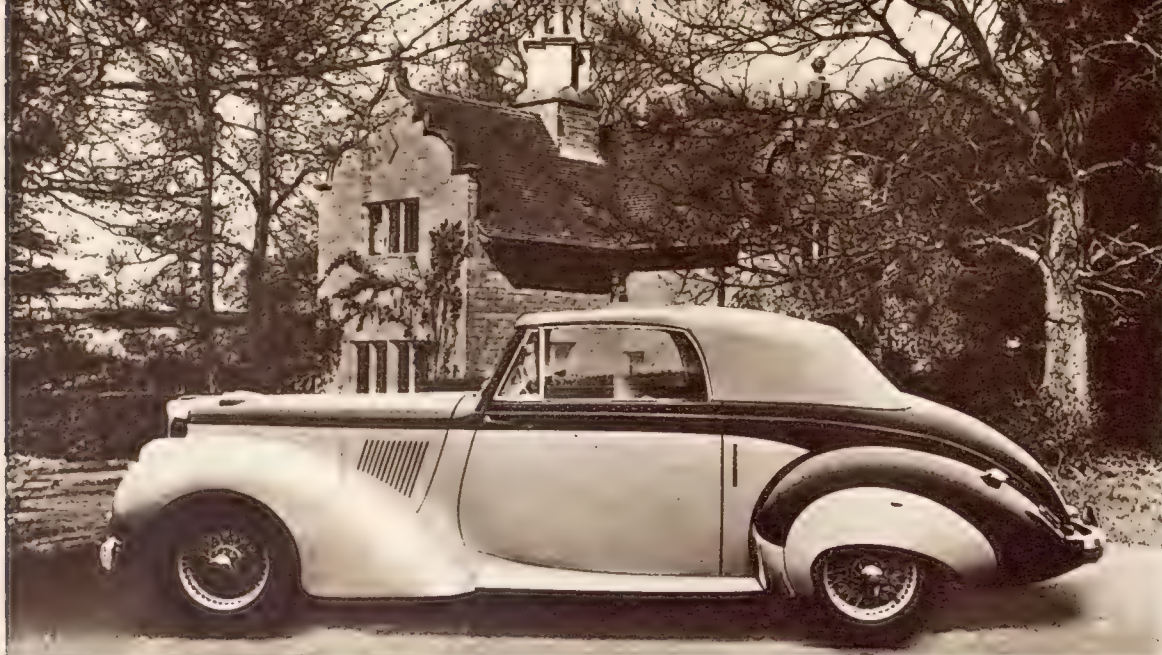
In this raucous slap-happy entertainment, which Mr. Hylton has slung together with the precision of a doodler with his mind on other subjects, this gifted pair are never allowed to meet. They are kept apart by a contingent of Tiller girls of uniform excellence, and two exponents of pantomime slapstick. Just before half-time the Spanish Armada sinks, though not as convincingly as it did (if memory serves) at the White City during the Anglo-Japanese Exhibition. But the protagonists are value for money.

THE presence of Martha Graham and her company of dancers at the Saville is not without significance. In the U.S.A. this lady, who is termed "a dance stylist," has a high reputation and a large following, circumstances which would probably not obtain in older and more sophisticated countries. This performance seemed to me an odd by-product of America's search for its individual culture, and as such deserving of respect. But the second of the three ballets on offer at the opening defeated me. It appeared to be representative either of odd goings on at an agricultural camp, or the search for Miss Leatherware of 1954 by the four shoe salesmen with the biggest feet in Wolverhampton. I suspect, indeed hope, that I was mistaken.

THE prolific Mr. R. F. Delderfield, author of *Worm's Eye View*, who now lives in the West Country, has written a comedy which is due in town shortly under the ægis of Jack Payne, the erstwhile band leader. *Where There's a Will*, which had a suburban tryout not long since, concerns the adventures of a Cockney family who inherit a farm. Eric Barker, the broadcasting comedian, is in the lead with Bill Owen.

Mr. Payne has a certain amount of experience in what is entertaining, so he should be able to pick a winner. He has been going strong, in fact, since the halcyon days of the Queen's Hall Roof Dance Orchestra (pianist, J. Hylton).

—Youngman Carter



THE LATEST ALVIS COUPÉ received many compliments at the New York Motor Show, where it made its début. It is a Tickford Convertible on a 3-litre Alvis TC21/100 chassis

**Motoring**

**Oliver Stewart**

## Springtime In The Garage

EXTRAVAGANCES, it has been scientifically established, are the only things one never regrets. This season of the year invites extravagances of all kinds, but especially of the motoring kind. It is the time when gadgetitis is no longer a sin, but merely a seasonal distemper, and when car-owners can be forgiven for over-loading their vehicles with equipment and accessories, but, no, *not* those ghastly dolls hanging in the rear window.

There are certain things to be done while the spending mood lasts. For instance, if the battery is more than a year old a change is desirable. I do not mean that the life of a modern battery is only two years, I merely mean that, in the hands of a battery-beater, it may, after one year, show signs of being tired.

WEARY batteries make tired motorists and nobody wants to be tired in the spring. Properly cared for, a battery will last for two years or a bit more; but most batteries could not be cared for less.

Again, unless the car is new, the tyres will need replacing. Some drivers go to endless pains to keep a set of tyres going as a seasonal process. They argue that the time when brand-new treads are wanted is the winter; and that during the summer it is of small importance if the treads are bald. So they stagger along on old tyres trying desperately to avoid making a change until November or December. It is a futile discipline. It is better to change the tyres for new ones or for retreads often, and thus to avoid turning pleasant touring into painful wheel-changing. The lesson which now endeth, therefore, is that, as the weather prospects brighten, so money should be spent on renewing everything renewable.

For those who are interested in motor sport the season has already begun. If the

dates arranged are adhered to, the Florida race, with its formidable entry list, should have been decided by the time these lines appear, and the Royal Automobile Club's Rally should be under way, with the starting points Blackpool and Hastings.

The list of entries which the club sent me a day or two ago is impressive. And at last the word "international" means it; for there is a considerable contingent from abroad. The Germans are thrusting forward once more—and are becoming a useful stimulus to everyone else. They have teams of Porsche cars and of D.K.W.s. Among the British entries the Sunbeam-Talbots are to the fore with a total of twenty-eight entries.

But it will probably be wiser not to talk too much about this rally now; for by publication day the test will have begun and events are apt to throw preliminary assessments out of gear. It can be said, however, that the new "clocking-in" method of time-keeping appears to be soundly based. It should help to eliminate the risk of disputes, and we have the example of Monte Carlo still before us as a reminder of how irritating protests and disputes can be.

TO scoop or not to scoop was the question which came to mind when I saw Mr. John Parkes the other day with one of the latest Alvis cars. Parkes is the chairman and managing director of the company, and he offered me a run round the houses in the car. There was, however, a hitch to this hitch-hike—a personal one not a technical—and it prevented me from benefiting from the offer. But it was interesting to notice that Parkes's car did not have the scoops which (with wire wheels) have been introduced on the "Grey Lady" model as shown at Earls Court.

Scoops on the bonnet and wire wheels were also features of the model shown at the recent New York exhibition. A

correspondent tells me that the car there excited much favourable attention. Nevertheless, if the engine does not need the scoops in order to breathe freely (and I do not think it does), I would rather see the plain bonnet top so characteristic of Alvis cars.

CONVERSION of the Kensington Gardens Broad Walk into a tank-testing ground (or is it meant to be a refuse dump?) has inspired a correspondent to raise once again the question of when pleasure motoring is pleasurable. If I have the gist of a rather rambling letter correctly, he argues that all over the country municipalities, Government departments and other authorities are doing just what they are doing to Kensington Gardens: pulling down trees, churning up the ground, destroying wild flowers with selective weedkillers that fail to select, and generally spoiling the scenery. Unless, he says, you are ready to drive 100 miles or more, you will not be able to-day to leave London or Manchester and gain really pleasant surroundings.

EVIDENCE accumulates that the "authorities" are insensitive to appearances. They prefer to see a neat brick "public convenience" to an untidy old tree. There is nothing they like better than cutting down trees. But I do not believe that we are yet bereft of pleasing motoring routes for the week or the week-end (which is the kind of thing my correspondent is presumably thinking about). It is a matter of studying the map and getting off the overloaded roads. But it is also true that touring well away from the big agglomerations of the Midlands and the South is the best kind. Thus Scotland is a splendid touring area. And if you do not want to go north, the ways to the Continent are now so easy and so inexpensive that France is within practical reach for a tour of anything over three or four days.





**MASTERS OF SPORT** photographed by **ERIC COOP**

THE RT. HON. LORD BRABAZON OF TARA, who has for more than half a century set a magnificent example to the adventurous youth of Britain, became president of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club in 1938. He recently won the Cartwright Cup and was in the 'twenties three times winner of the Curzon Cup on that fastest and most exacting of all toboggan runs, the Cresta. A pioneer motor racer and aviator, he is also a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. He belongs to the Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews, and in 1938 was elected president of the English Golf Union



SIR GEORGE ROBEY, C.B.E., who recently received his knighthood from the Queen Mother, temporarily left the music hall and revue stage in 1935 to score a remarkable success as Falstaff in a production of *Henry IV. (Part One)* at His Majesty's. This fine study of him in the role, wearing the same costume as Sir Beerbohm Tree did before him, was painted by Maurice Codner, R.P.

## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

# High Comedy In Tokyo

A HOTEL is a fascinating subject. *THE WISE BAMBOO* (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.) is, as an "inside story," more or less certain to entertain—all the more as its author, J. Malcolm Morris, disarmingly says of it: "This book will not prove anything to anyone. It is presented for amusement only." Easy-going and light though the manner is, we are given some shrewd observations on human nature—which indeed our author *should* know from A to Z.

The then Lieutenant Morris of the U.S. Army arrived in Japan in 1945 to re-open the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, as a billet for senior officers of the Allied Occupation Forces: more than that he neither foresaw nor hoped. By no means was he seeking the post of manager of that famous, vast, but at that time sombre, set-up. Hotel-keeping, however, is in his blood; and when a year later he was demobilised, he decided to stay on and see what would happen. Much, it need hardly be said, did.

Japanese enterprise, some thirty years before, had commissioned Frank Lloyd Wright to act

as architect, instructing the rugged American genius that the hotel must, at all costs, be earthquake proof. Of his success in this matter there was immediate evidence: the Grand Opening of the Imperial on September 1st, 1923, was followed, exactly five minutes later, by the worst earthquake Japanese history has ever known. Triumphant, the new-built hotel survived—it had, however, peculiarities which Mr. Morris could not fail to detect. The *avant-garde* style of Frank Lloyd Wright is, for one thing, intellectual more than gay. The enormous building is H-shaped: "It splatters out from the focal point of the lobby in all directions, with a corridor system so winding and complicated that, when you try to retrace your footsteps, the pattern seems to have changed while your back was turned."

WINDOWS, for reasons inscrutable, were extremely small, fittings defective; the entrance lobby was so low that one instinctively ducked one's head; the sky-high main lobby was morbidly lined with brown brick. In fact, an interior *not* seductive. The Imperial of 1945 had inevitably come to be called "the

Morgue." Round and round through the vasty gloom careered rats and cockroaches.

The optimism of the Japanese staff was not, at the outset, shared by Lieutenant Morris. His account of how he rehabilitated the place and got it going is as stimulating as any adventure story: supplies at the start were short, and his Japanese assistants, though eager, were of a mentality which one had to learn. Hard on the heels of outgoing cockroaches, in moved the military occupants, including, for some interesting weeks, Russians:

Lieutenant Tulinov was the first Russian with whom I had any direct contact. He came to my office one day and offered me two hundred American dollars for the Signal Corps radio which we had in the lobby of the hotel.

"That's impossible," I told him. "That radio is government property. I couldn't sell it without being dishonest."

"Oh, so. I did not know was dishonest," he said. "I give three hundred dollars, then."

"You don't seem to understand," I said. "I'm supposed to protect government property, not steal it. I'd have to violate my trust as an officer; I'd have to throw away my sense of honour completely."

"So." He thought for a minute. "I give another hundred dollars for the trust and honour," he said. "I give four hundred dollars."

"Look, Lieutenant," I said, "you'd better get this straight. You are not going to buy any radio from me for any price. It's impossible. Give up."

"Well," he said, after a moment, "I have only four hundred dollars. I don't understand, but I give up."

As he left my office he was shaking his head in puzzlement.

IN those early military days, the Imperial was a bachelor establishment: the colonels' and majors' ladies had yet to join them—and, as Mr. Morris could but observe, hay was being made while the sun shone: the introduction of Japanese charmers up service staircases or over balconies had to be discountenanced with tact. The chapter called "Land of Romance" is extremely funny.

News that wives would, shortly, arrive in force was greeted in some quarters with mixed feelings. How, Mr. Morris wondered, would one distinguished general dispose of the lovely, uniformed blonde who had become a feature of the Imperial? The general's blonde proved, however, to be his daughter—nor is that the last that we hear of her: Mr. Morris's marriage is one of the golden interludes in this story. And indeed he needed every support, for the impact of American womanhood upon the Imperial was formidable! If our author became a misogynist one could hardly blame him. The ladies, having nothing other to do, forthwith interfered in every department. Comedy during these episodes runs high.

[Continued on page 453]

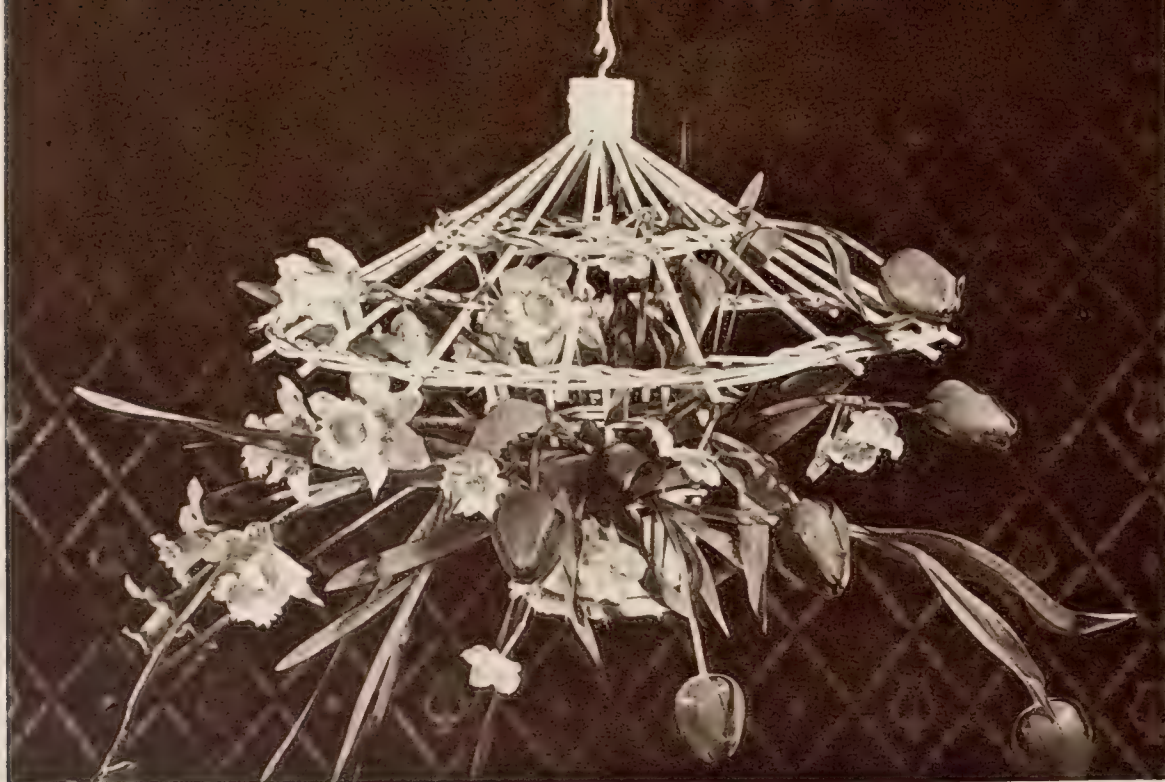


PAUL BRICKHILL is the author of the biography of Douglas Bader, to be published by Collins next week under the title, *Reach for the Sky*. The literary combination of the famous pilot and the author of *The Dam Busters* has high promise



Angus McBean

MISS DOROTHY DICKSON, the girl from Kansas who became one of the famous Ziegfeld Follies, and later a major ornament of the lighter West End stage, is here seen with her talented actress-daughter, Dorothy Hyson, and her two charming grandchildren Rosanna, five years old, and Jennifer, three. Miss Hyson is in private life Mrs. Anthony Quayle, wife of the Director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, whose 1954 Festival Season opens next Tuesday



Spring comes right into your room with this hanging wicker basket which costs £1 1s. 3d. empty. Filled with flowers, as in the photograph, the price is 17s. 6d. extra. It can also be used for pots of trailing plants. Selfridges have it in stock

# Shopping

FROM spring flowers to spring cleaning, from the sublime to the meticulous. The hunt for attractive things with which to re-decorate the home is in full cry. Let us then join in, and take a look at these new things guaranteed to give us a good run for our money.

—JEAN CLELAND



Adorable ponies, frisking around, make unusual table mats, while the fish, too, are highly decorative. Price £4 7s. 6d. for a set for six persons, £8 15s. for twelve. From Fortnum and Mason



Contemporary hall lanterns from Selfridges in decorative shades of red give a bright and original note that is very welcome at this time of year, when the hunt for new effects is on. Price £4 7s. 6d.



For house re-warming parties after spring-cleaning, nothing is gayer than this little "Cocktail Bar" set, the sticks topped with a variety of bottles. Fortnum and Mason have it, at £8 9s. 6d.

## PORTRAIT

## OF A LADY

## AT TEATIME

OUR colour picture opposite shows at the back a table lamp with two shades at £7 7s., the shades at 31s. 6d. each (Harrods). Next to it is a gaily decorated box of marshmallows from Fortnum and Mason and a standard lamp, in cream and gold, at £49 10s. (Harrods). On the little table are Danish Pia flower lights, which cost 9d. each, or 11s. for a box of 24 (Harrods). The Portuguese Cabbage Leaf Bowl is 27s. 6d. (Woollands); the green Lincrusta waste-paper basket from Fortnum and Mason, £2 7s. 6d., and the coffee set from Harvey Nichols, £6 4s. 6d. Next to it is a white Italian pottery dish costing 39s. 6d. (Woollands), and in the foreground a green magazine tablette, with tray, at £3 9s. 6d. (Fortnum and Mason). The Bavarian pottery bowls from Woollands are 15s. 9d. oval and 13s. 9d. round. The Regency striped knitting-box slung at the side of the chair is £3 9s. 6d. (Fortnum and Mason), and the down cushions are £5 15s., £3 3s. and £2 5s., according to their sizes (Walpole Bros.). The jewellery is a topaz-coloured necklet at £13 2s. 6d., earrings at £2 12s. 6d., and a bracelet at £8 18s. 6d. (Harrods). The flowers are from Harrods and Selfridges, arranged by Harrods





FASHION CHOICE OF THE WEEK PRESENTS—

*Something New*

ON these two pages we show something really new—a very beautiful pure silk ensemble, plus two hats, that can be expanded into a complete and compact little wardrobe. In these clothes a woman could go confidently through Ascot week, fly to Paris for the weekend, or grace a Three-Day Event anywhere this summer. On the opposite page the black coat, lined with a red and white Ascher print (which, when detached, itself makes a coat or a dress) is worn over a plain black dress with a tiered skirt, the tiny hat matching the lining. The ensemble costs 79 gns. but each article can be bought separately as described in the captions below. From Marshall and Snelgrove's model gown and model millinery departments

— MARIEL DEANS



Here is the coat worn closed up to the neck. Notice its very pretty sleeves. Made of pure silk it is warm without being heavy. Unlined, it costs 20 gns. The red and white printed silk hat is £11 19s. 6d.



The lining of the coat, when detached, makes this pretty printed silk dress also with box pleated skirt and pleated edges to the sleeves. Alone, it costs 30 gns. The black leghorn straw hat can be bought for 13 gns.



The coat lining is worn over the black dress (price 29 gns.). It hangs straight and suave from the shoulders. Notice the pretty way the neckline can be arranged

# DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

EVERY year I tell myself that spring-cleaning is a primitive ritual evolved to make savage tribes wash themselves and their belongings at least once a year. In the modern world, I assure myself, spring-cleaning is unnecessary—advertisements, newspapers, health authorities, the B.B.C., and, of course, the example of the Joneses, are all constantly bullying us to keep up a minimum standard of cleanliness all the time.

There is no *pleasure* in spring-cleaning nowadays, either. Scrubbing greyish paint and seeing it turn white—producing piles of dust from dark corners—dipping hangings into snowy suds and watching them darken—even falling exhausted and slave-driven into bed at the end of it—that is the satisfaction of spring-cleaning. But now the fun is gone out of the idea of large scale, military style turn-outs, along with the necessity for them.

OR so I keep telling myself until the spring equinox looms ahead. Then, before the swallow dares, laundries start dropping leaflets through the letter-box telling me to have my covers cleaned, and the atavistic longing sweeps over me. I tramp,



unsatisfied and unsettled, over the house searching for neglected corners, and at last decide joyfully that the sitting-room is all wrong.

As next day I edge large lumps of mahogany across the floor, overjoyed to find that some miracle has inexplicably deposited plum stones, walnut shells and pine-needles underneath the really big bits, a brainwave strikes. What would really brighten things up for the summer would be to turn the drawing-room into the dining-room, and vice versa. Then *all* the furniture, in different-shaped rooms, against unfamiliar wallpapers, would look quite new.

THE children, returning from school, are only a trifle disconcerted—their main grievance is that their library books have somehow got put away. My spouse is less tolerant. He will put up with looking out into the back garden instead of the front—he doesn't mind the electric plugs being in the wrong corners and the lamps the other way round. He even refrains from saying that he *knew* the book-case wouldn't go into the alcove.

(Continued on page 440)



Burberrys' shawl collared casual tweed coat which fastens with one large button has softly draped sleeves finishing in narrow cuffs. It is worn here with a jersey tweed dress which has two huge pockets and fastens with a narrow leather belt. The classic felt hat is also from Burberrys

## A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

BY mid-March the feeling of spring in the air makes the most urban amongst us long for the country—at any rate for the time being. These photographs, taken at a country house in Berkshire, show some clothes that fit perfectly into that picture which we all cherish of ourselves in ideal rural surroundings

— MARIEL DEANS



The twin set has become the countrywoman's dearly beloved uniform. Here is Ballantyne's new model in cashmere and wool. Half the price of pure cashmere, it wears and wears without going "woolly." It comes from the newly opened "Ballantyne Corner" at Debenham & Freebody, London, and Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham

## CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY . . .

What horrifies him is that Mrs. G. and I have committed the unforgivable sin of moving heavy furniture without male assistance and criticism. . . .

Cheered by change, I turn my still unblunted attention to the scullery. We have been talking about doing up this scullery ever since we moved into the house, but it is still the original chocolate picked out with sage-green in which we found it.

I have thought it out and decided that it will look good with the walls white and each of its six doors a different colour.

WHILE I am prepared to explain and justify this to the head of the family, I know that I have no hope of getting away with it with a professional painter. No professional painter will allow white paint if he



can possibly think up a reason against it—and what any of them would say if faced with a demand for six doors painted different pastel shades is beyond anything my imagination can tackle. In order not to take chances I buy the paint at once—at a chain store, so that there is no risk of any expert asking me what I want it for and telling me not to.

By the time my husband gets home the walls are white, and I understand why painters hate white paint—the mistakes show up so much. My husband's only comment is that it looks rather pale, and I hastily answer that I am thinking of putting more colour on the doors. . . . Two or three days later I *do* the doors. At least, I comfort myself at the end of it, nobody has ever had a scullery like this before.

THIS is confirmed by the children, who come back, on this day of all days, each bringing a friend to tea. Each friend, to judge from its expression when it sees the scullery, is top of the form, and has studied interior decorating—it has *never* heard of six doors in the same room being different colours. Mrs. G., who now comes in to collect her snake-skin handbag and change from service weight nylons to sheer ones, repeats for the last time that day that well, of course, she's never heard of anyone having six different coloured doors in one room but it certainly cheers things up.

Eventually my husband returns, and, led to the scene, starts off: "Well, of course. . . ." I retort hastily that I thought *he* thought it looked pale before. Having thus brilliantly forestalled criticism I change the subject by saying that it is about time we did something about spring-cleaning the garden, and has he given any thought to the question of laying those paving-stones?

—Diana Gillon



... A DAY IN  
THE COUNTRY

Wetherall's charming country two-piece; a simple Tie-cill frock worn under a wool coat lined with the same material. A matching silk scarf tied round the head completes this undatingly pleasing outfit



White cotton with little scribbled black flowers makes this enchanting summer afternoon frock from Simpson's. Notice its clever double neckline, narrow black belt and great billowing skirt



... A DAY IN  
THE COUNTRY

Here is this spring's new favourite. Kasha-cloth beloved of the 1920s is the material used for this simple little dress from Swan & Edgar. It has a tan leather belt, tan buttons and a beautifully full bias-cut skirt

Woollands of Knightsbridge sell the petrol blue wild-silk dinner dress on the opposite page. Owners of chilly country houses will be glad to know that there is a fitted jacket to wear when needed



# The Joys of Spring

**I**N this number we anticipate the joys of spring. In a mood of "hey nonny ney," our thoughts turn to the sunny days ahead and with this comes the impulse to try out new things to enliven the looks and brighten the appearance.

A tour of the shops and beauty salons in search of the latest beauty preparations has proved rewarding. As you may imagine, beauticians have *not* been hibernating during the winter months. On the contrary, they have been full of activity, preparing new colours, creams and up to the minute make-up to "dress" the face and match the feeling of gaiety that stirs within us all at this burgeoning time of year.

★ ★ ★

**W**ELCOME to those who possess the dry type of skin that does not respond easily to the usual skin foods is a new preparation produced by Helena Rubinstein with a Vitamin-Lanoline formula. This is a greaseless liquid which is absorbed quickly and easily. The Vitamin A, and the enriched lanoline oils which it contains, prevent flakiness and dryness, and it can be used both night and day for a "round the clock" nutriment and a weather protection for all types of skin.

The very latest way of beautifying the hands is to treat them with "Care," a new medicated cream made by Fields. This contains an antiseptic, often used by surgeons, called "Octaphen," and is effective not only for softening the skin, but for healing cracks and alleviating soreness. Best of all, if you have been doing some cooking, or busy with any kind of domestic chores, "Care" has a deodorizing action which removes any odour that clings to the hands. It is particularly useful when you are in a hurry, because it rubs right in and leaves the skin soft and greaseless.

Something else produced by Field, for which I for one am grateful, is a new lavender-scented "Air-Wick." I tried this out the other night under the most trying conditions, and found it excellent. We were having steak and fried onions for dinner, and if there is a more "clinging" smell around the house than that produced by this appetizing dish I have yet to meet it. To the kitchen I hastened with my new "Air-Wick," and believe me, it did the trick. When my husband arrived home, the onions which appeared on the table were a happy surprise and *not* a foregone conclusion.



JEAN CLELAND presents her own selection of the aids that will emphasize the freshness of spring in your face and hands, and two more that will make your home envied by your guests

**D**o you enjoy finding something new for the guest-room? If so, you will delight in Elizabeth Arden's miniature soap tablets, curved to fit the hand and scented to match their hand and bath soaps, in "Blue Grass," "My Love" and "June Geranium," six for 8s.

To keep you right up to the minute—and even a little ahead of time—I have been looking at something which will be available at Easter. This—the latest Coty contribution to the spring feeling—is a dashing candy-striped lipstick case, in bright pink and gold, and a new "212" lipstick in five individual new shades, "Spun Gold," "Forest Fire," "Rose Satin," "Fresh Pink" and "Gay Fuchsia." "212," Coty's tell me, contains an element that accentuates and enhances the latest make-up shades, also a stabilizing agent to give a smooth texture to the lips, and to make the colour stay "put."

★ ★ ★

**I**f you have a daughter in need of grips to pin up "her bonny brown hair," you may be glad to know of some new and excellent "Handgrips"—fifteen for 6d.—put up in a strong and neat little pack designed to slip into the handbag. This—no bigger than a lipstick—keeps the grips free from dust, and from slipping around and getting lost.



MICHAEL finds that the Oriental richness of a delustred satin reflects the Chinese mood of his Collection. Such texture beauty is inherent in fabrics containing...

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women adore **DAKS**<sup>REGD</sup> skirts



There's a greyhound grace about a Daks skirt that makes you love yourself in it. It sits on your hips, glosses over your curves, and the waistband holds you with such comfort and neatness. Choose one of the pleated styles in an aristocratic tweed for country and golfing week-ends. For town, nothing smarter than a straight Daks skirt in barathea or doeskin. And don't forget to look at the special worsteds and gaberdines. You can see Daks skirts in all their beautiful cloths at the best shops and stores everywhere.

## ENGAGEMENTS



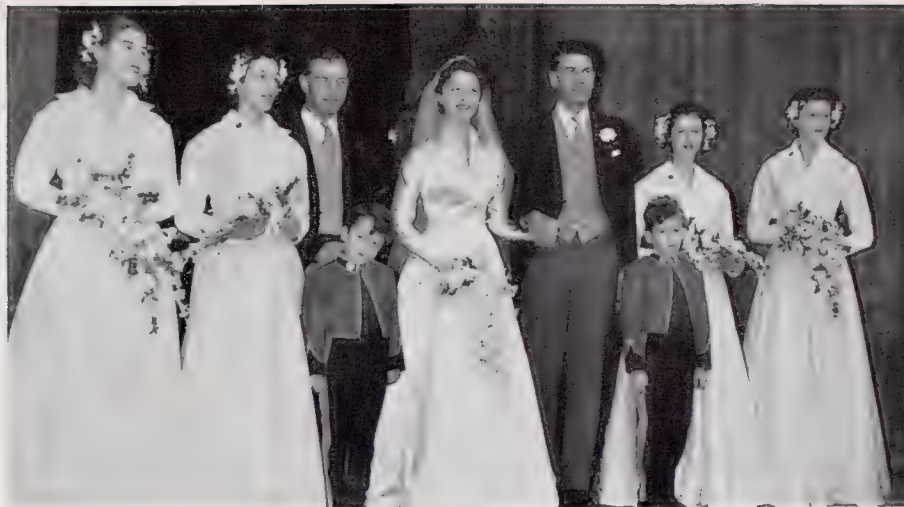
Lenore  
Miss Bryony Josephine Anne Powell, elder daughter of Sir Richard Powell, Bt., M.C., and Lady Powell, Brightwell-cum-Sotwell, Berks, to marry Mr. Christopher Lucas Thomasson, son of the late Mr. Franklin Thomasson, and Mrs. Thomasson, of Ellisfield, Basingstoke



Yevonde  
Miss Anne Eileen Burberry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Brian Burberry, of Whistlers Hollow, Woldingham, Surrey, has announced her engagement to Mr. Michael John Hall, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hall, of The Hermitage, Woldingham



Fayer  
Miss Marjorie Irene Smith, younger daughter of Mrs. C. Le M. Gosselin and stepdaughter of Mr. Le M. Gosselin, of Selworthy, Somerset, is to marry Air Commodore W. H. Garing, C.B.E., D.F.C., R.A.A.F., of Victoria, Australia



## HOWARD—WALDEGRAVE

At Bath Abbey, the Hon. Donald Euan Palmer Howard, eldest son of Lord and Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal, of Colonsay, Scotland, and Balfour Mews, W.1, married Lady Jane Mary Waldegrave, second daughter of Earl and Countess Waldegrave, of Chewton Mendip, Bath. The pages were the Hon. William Waldegrave and Andrew Balfour, the bridesmaids the Hon. Diana Howard and the Ladies Elisabeth, Anne and Susan Waldegrave, and the best man Mr. Richard Green

## THEY WERE MARRIED The TATLER'S Review



## SPICER—SHANKS

Capt. James Spicer, Royal Fusiliers, only son of the late Mr. J. Spicer and of Mrs. Spicer, of Jersey Road, Osterley, married at the Chapel Royal, H.M. Tower of London, Miss Winifred Douglas Shanks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Shanks of Bearsden, Dunbartonshire



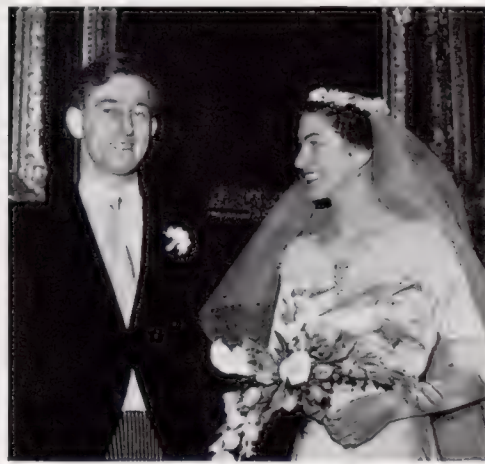
## PRENTICE—TOMALIN

Mr. John Prentice, son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Prentice, of The Green Cottage, Langstone, Havant, Hants, was married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Miss Geraldine Tomalin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Tomalin, of Cadogan Place, London, S.W.1



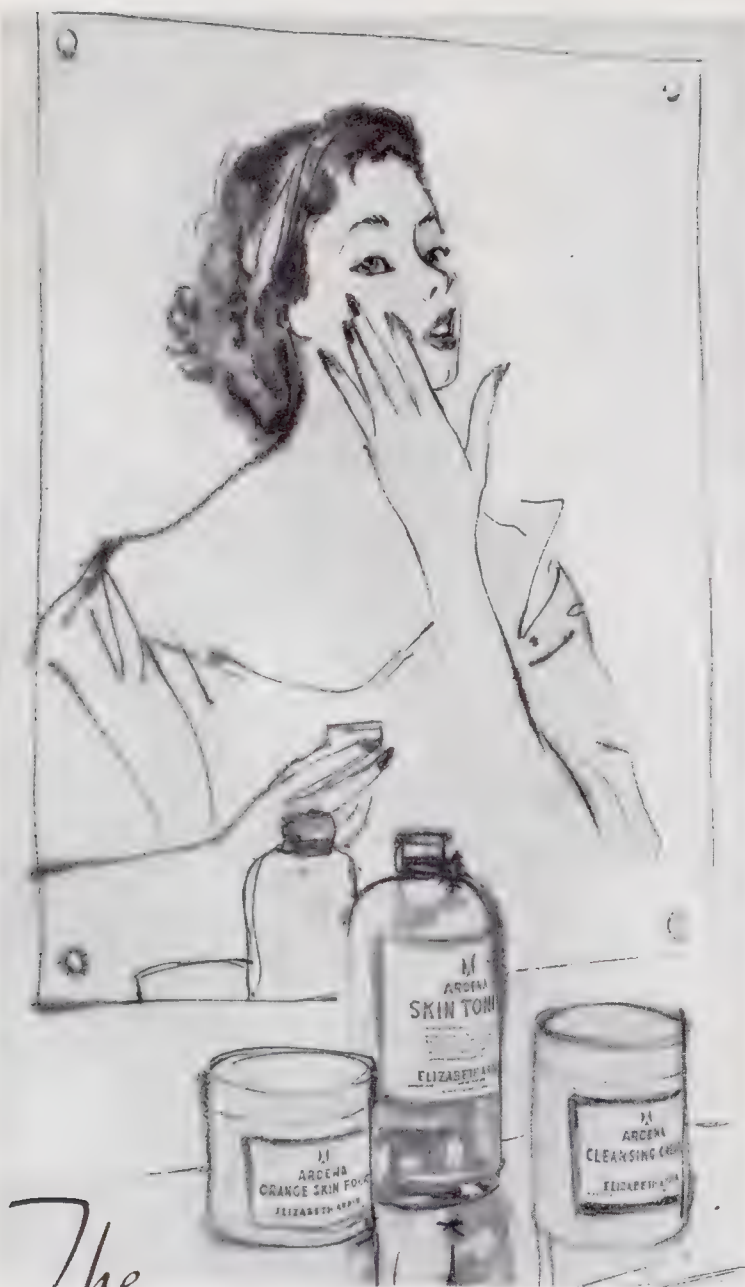
## REID-SMITH—SIMPSON

Mr. Donald Reid-Smith, son of the late Major John Smith, and of Mrs. Reid-Smith, of Guildford, Surrey, married at Holy Trinity, Bramley, Surrey, Miss Shelagh Simpson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Simpson, of Osterley, Bramley



## BROWN—HOUSDEN

Dr. David Byron Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Winton Brown, of Wellington, New Zealand, and Miss Susan Housden, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Leslie Housden, of Mulberry Hill, Baughurst, Hants, were married recently at Southwark Cathedral



## The Elizabeth Arden look

You recognise it at once, in a woman of any age, that look of radiant freshness, with fine, soft skin and gently moulded contours. You can achieve it by following Miss Arden's famous Cleanse - Tone - Nourish treatment with her delicious preparations

**CLEANSE** with Ardena Cleansing Cream 8/3, 14/9, 22/6, or Milky Liquid Cleanser for the quick removal of make-up 10/6

**TONE** by patting briskly with Ardena Skin Tonic to refine, clear and brighten 8/3, 17/6, 33/9

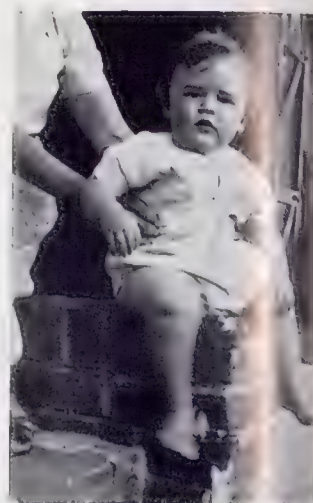
**NOURISH** with Orange Skin Food, a rich emollient for normal or dry skin 8/3, 14/9, 22/6, or Velva Cream for the young or sensitive skin 8/3, 14/9, 22/6. Special Hormone Cream works wonders for the more mature skin 25/-. 42/6

# Elizabeth Arden

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ON HOLIDAY IN MADEIRA. Robin and Peter Hard, aged two-and-a-half and five, are the sons of Major L. F. Hard, M.C., and Mrs. Hard, of St. Petersburg Place, London, W.2



GRAHAM MCWILLIAM is one year old and the son of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. McWilliam of Belvedere, Kent



WINTER SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS. Martin and Susan Temple with their mother, Mrs. L. A. Temple, wife of Lt.-Col. L. A. Temple. The children, who are at school in England, were on a visit to their parents in Celle, Germany



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See the new BRIDLEBROWN and wetherall beautiful BUDGE BLU colours inspired by SIR PETER LELY, paintings of royal ladies of the court come and see our academy collection of LELY masterpieces now on show.



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says—"I find Sun-Pat Salted Nuts 'make' the party. They are always so deliciously crisp and fresh—my guests enjoy them and there are varieties to suit all tastes."

*Princess Galitzine*

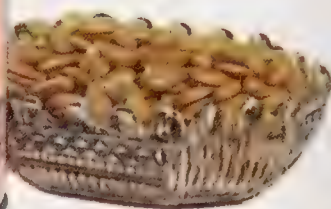
Photograph by Baron

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All flavour sealed in  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb and 1 lb airtight tins—guaranteed forever fresh.



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## Book Reviews (Continuing from page 432)

## A CRIME STORY FOR BISHOPS

*The Wise Bamboo* throws a revealing light on the Japanese, as well as on what is involved by the never-quite-meeting of East and West. Not the least important function of the Imperial was the reception of V.I.P.s who, in ever-greater numbers, arrived in Tokyo; and Mr. Morris quickly learnt to distinguish between V.I.P.s and "Vipers"—i.e., those who considered themselves important but were not. The latter gave endless trouble, the former none—"the bigger the better," he soon decided.

The technical difficulties he overcame should interest readers who, in a big or small way, have themselves grappled with hotel management. Mr. Morris, clearly, had what it took—though his self-portrait is attractively modest. Above all, during his years in Tokyo he learned the lesson from which he draws his title—the wise bamboo, say the Japanese, bows to the great wind. Philosophic adaptability, lack of stubbornness and, through all, humour were what enabled, one cannot doubt, Mr. Morris to do the job that he did so well.

★ ★ ★

THE appearance of a new Ngaio Marsh novel, *SPINSTERS IN JEOPARDY* (Collins 10s. 6d.), prompts me to expostulate, once again, with those of you who make it a point of honour to avoid all and every form of detective fiction. Many, I know, still look upon the "whodunit" as sanguinary, morbid, crude or, as literature, waste of time. The story hinging on crime, I have heard it said, can make its appeal only to idle minds or to those who have submerged aggressive instincts. (If so, one might ask, how are we to rate a succession of bishops and archbishops, Lords Chief Justice and academic highlights in our universities, of whom so many were in their time, or are, ardent detective story readers?) The answer, of course, is that one must pick one's book—and soon does the connoisseur learn to do so.

The work of this brilliant New Zealander, Ngaio Marsh, claims a high level as sheer writing, and still more as a view of humanity. You who are novel-readers will miss something if you allow the Crime Club's imprimatur to scare you off. This present story, *Spinsters In Jeopardy*, is an example of what Miss Marsh can do with what might have been a purely sensational situation. Chief Detective-Inspector Alleyn, C.I.D., decides to combine a Mediterranean holiday, shared by his wife and his little son (whom he sees too seldom because of pressure of work), with an investigation into the dope racket. He and Troy, his lovely and talented painter wife, are in two minds as to the advisability of doing this, but decide to risk it—how else are they, as a family, ever to get abroad?

CUSPICATION concentrates upon the sinister Château de la Chèvre d'Argent, a former Saracen fortress high on a flank of the Alpes Maritimes; whose lower windows, it so happens, are on a level with the main railway line. The train conveying the Alleyns to Roqueville, small, bright-coloured town where they plan to stay, comes to one of those unaccountable pauses (familiar to travellers on French railways) alongside a lit-up château window, in the dark of still very early morning. Alleyn awake in his sleeper, and Troy in hers, both looking out, see the same thing—which is unpleasant enough to make him say to her, "I'm sorry you saw it." A second later, shrieks sound from down the train: a solitary English spinster, it transpires, is in the throes of it-may-be-fatal appendix trouble. Compassion attaches the Alleyns to Miss Truebody: at all costs, her life has to be saved.

The notorious house-party at the château includes (as Alleyn soon finds out) the only effective surgeon along this coast—all others are elsewhere at a conference. The entry to the fastness, accompanied by the semi-extinct Miss Truebody, is thus accomplished in a manner utterly unforeseen: Baradi, the cryptic Egyptian surgeon, the still more unspeakable Oberon and his guests or victims, are first met in an atmosphere of emergency. After the operation Troy and Ricky, exhausted, at last repair to the expectant, friendly little Roqueville hotel. Not much later, Ricky is kidnapped.

What a start for a holiday! I think it is the normality of the Alleyns, their handsome capacity for happiness, their unhardened hearts, which gives such a healthy breath to this story—and it's good reading about such a good marriage. Ultimately, also, the enchantingness of the small boy Ricky rather steals one's interest from the more dire figures, up there on the rock, and their nameless orgies. Miss Marsh (who, we are reminded, is also, like her heroine Troy, a painter) gives us a magical picture of that blue coast—in the tender morning, at noon, in the evening when lights come out. . . . The plot moves well, though the mystery chiefly is, exactly *how* many spinsters are in jeopardy?

★ ★ ★

PORTRAITS OF RIVERS (Dobson, 10s. 6d.) is, as a collection, beautiful and calming. Like its predecessors, *Portraits Of Mountains*, *Portraits Of Islands* and *Portraits Of Towns*, it is edited by Eileen Molony, who herself contributes the essay on the Fal. The Itchen's course and its history have been traced by Brian Vesey-FitzGerald; Lettice Cooper pictures and sings the Ouse; to Laurie Lee has been accorded the Thames. The Trent, the Crouch, the Eden, the Nene, the Severn, the Avon and the Wye have been rendered by other well-found contributors, each of whom shows a sense of his river's character.

This book's appeal should speak for itself. Good to read at all times, this is lovely to read at night—not merely to fall asleep over, but to dream of!



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## Rugby Clubs

By S. A. Patman

### GALA

THE history of the Gala R.F.C. tells the story of its fortunes and vicissitudes from its early beginnings in 1876, when it played on the cricket field, to its sojourn on the windswept heights of Mossilee and finally to Netherdale, the present headquarters in the old grey town of Galashiels, centre of the tweed industry.

The intervening years witnessed steady if unspectacular progress, and among the earliest opponents were Melrose, Hawick, Selkirk and Kelso, clubs that still figure in the fixture card. The widespread appeal of the Rugby game in the Border towns was further stimulated in 1883, with the introduction of the seven-a-side game, the abbreviated form, now so popular at the end of the season.

IN the nineties, the club passed through a very difficult period, both monetary and from the playing point of view. Unemployment in the town caused the breaking up of many junior clubs, from which Gala recruited, and membership dwindled. The new century, however, brought a more cheerful era, membership once more increased, the club became free from debt, and in 1906 won the Border League.

Most important milestone in the history of the club was the decision to

move to Netherdale, involving a large financial outlay in constructing and enclosing the three-and-a-half acre site, stand accommodation and clubhouse. In 1912 the ground was officially opened when their time-honoured opponents, Hawick, provided the opposition.

The club had barely settled down at the new headquarters before World War One began and the game was not resumed until 1919. Quickly the club recovered from postwar difficulties and two years later won the Border League for the second time. In that team were some of the best-known players to don the maroon jersey, names that will recall pleasant memories to the older generation. They include Andrew Murdison, Tom Waddell, Andrew Wishart, George Turner, J. Beattie, C. Brown, Duncan Roy and the captain, D. W. Cockburn.

FROM then until the second conflict, Gala enjoyed a successful era, with 1932 an outstanding season under James Ferguson, when it gained the unofficial Scottish championship. Towards the end of the war the club resumed its activities, but for a time results were disappointing, chiefly through injuries and the process of team building. Each subsequent year, however, has witnessed steady improvement and last season under R. L. Wilson, Gala was one of the leading Scottish sides.

During its long existence many Gala men have played for Scotland. Those honoured in more recent years include George Burrell, A. F. Dorward, who captained the Scots in 1952, J. B. Lees, G. G. Lyall, R. L. Wilson, J. Fox and R. P. Burrell.

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

IT is a long time since the Peters Sisters have appeared in the supplements, but I hope we shall be able to hear them now with some certain regularity. They revive "S Wonderful" and "Basin Strut Blues," accompanied in style by Billy Moore, Jr., and his Orchestra. These three girls were always good, but unlike many "sister" acts, they have not broken up nor have they failed to maintain a high standard. Perhaps that is why it was so refreshing to me to be able to sit back, listen, and enjoy their latest contributions knowing that I was not at any time likely to be disappointed.

What once might have been considered cute and precocious now emerges as something entirely sophisticated. That the Peters Sisters have the laugh over many recording artists is obvious for they are musicians first, and entertainers second. They have never "busked" their way to success and doubtless that is their secret way of having attained and maintained it. (Philips P.B. 227.)

Robert Tredinnick

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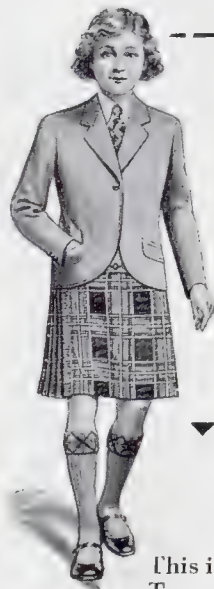
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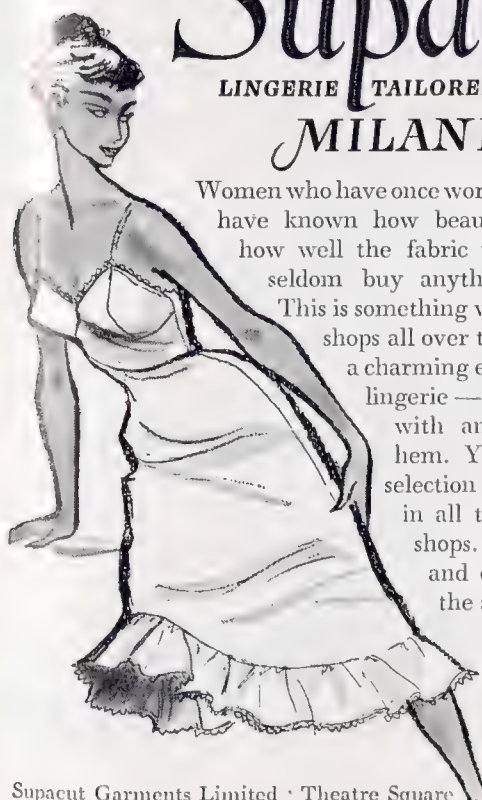
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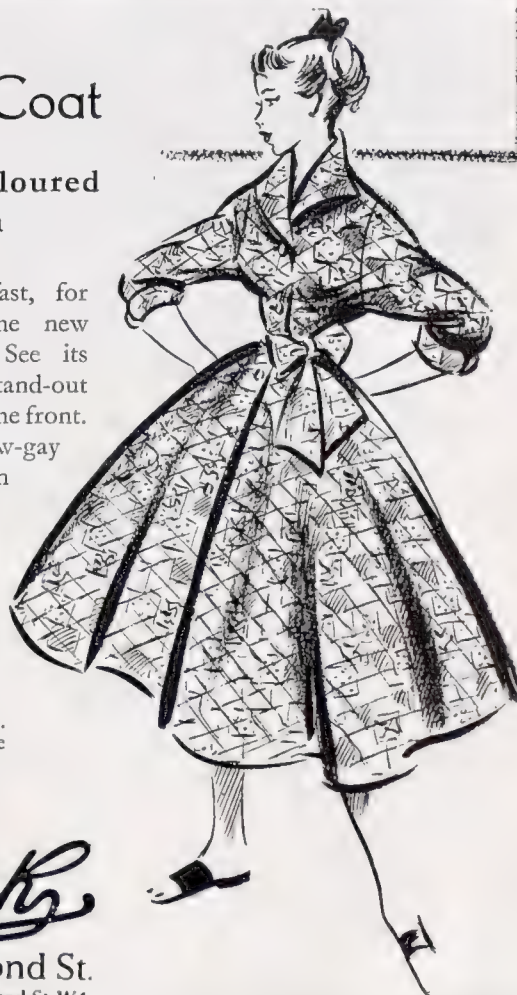
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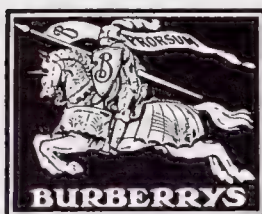
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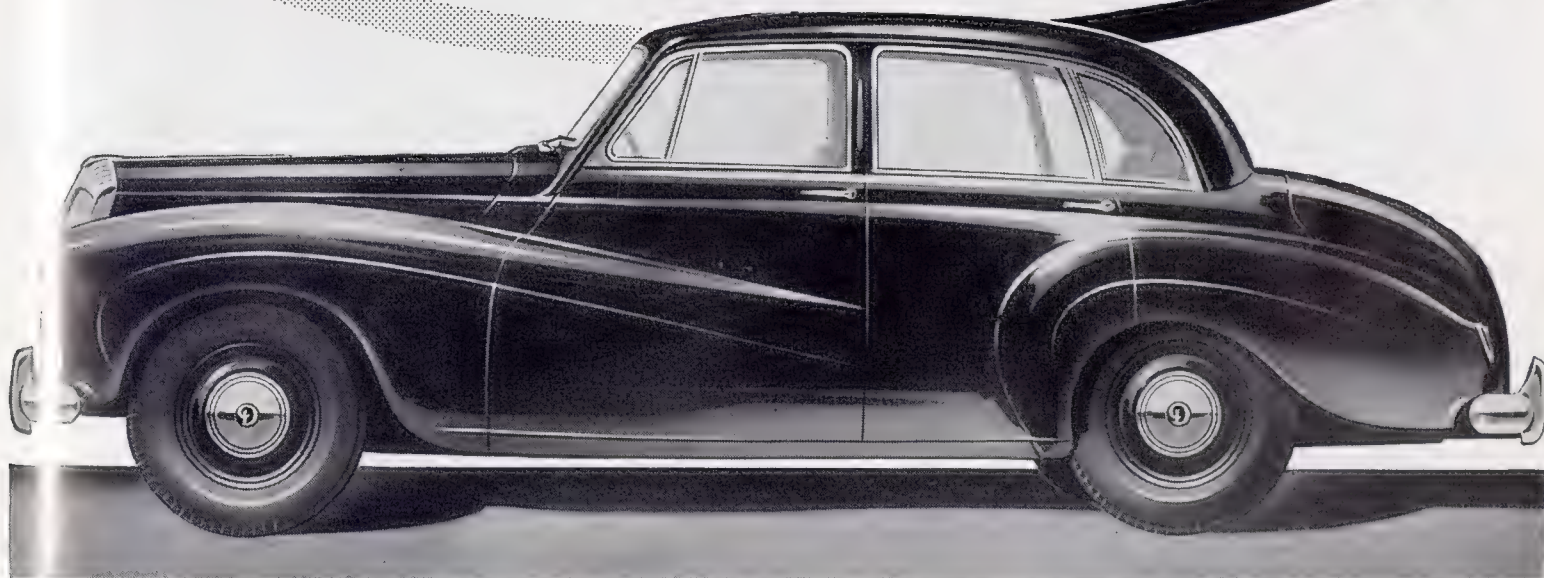
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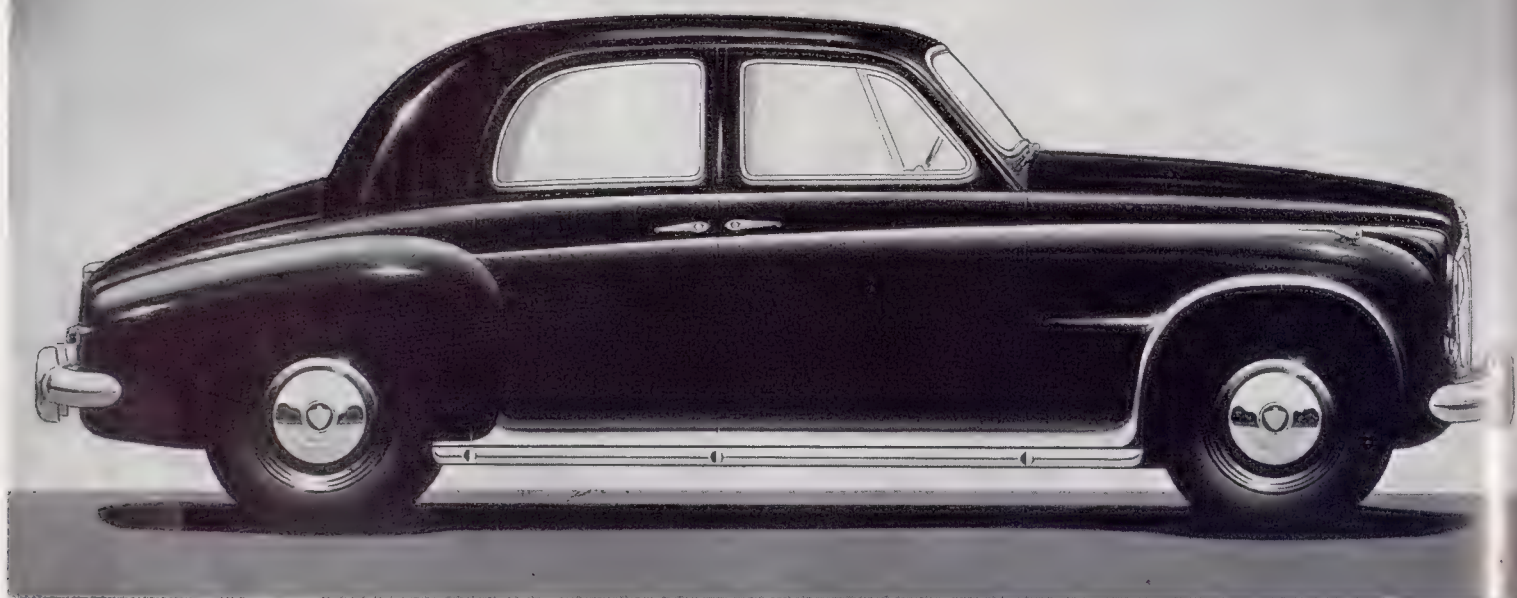
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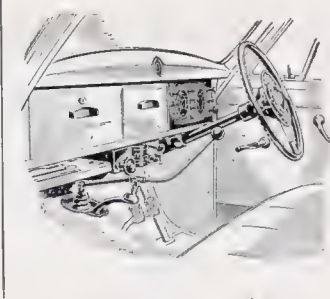


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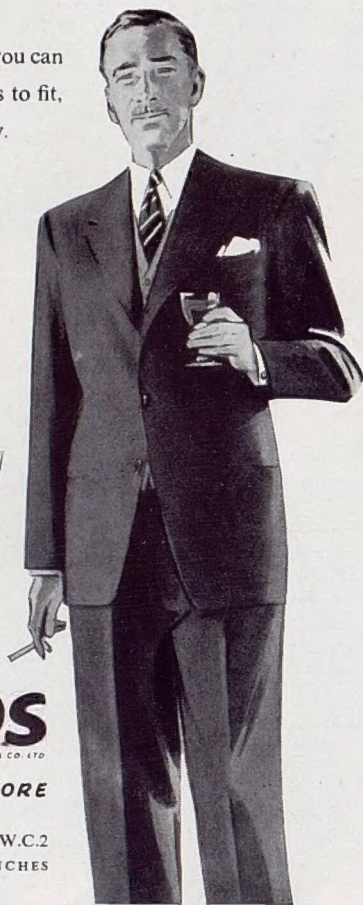
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